The Pacific.

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P. GORDON MERITT.

A Hundred Years to Come.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip,
The lofty brow,
The hearts that beat
So gaily now?
O, where will be love's beaming eye;
Joy's pleasant smiles, and sorrow's sigh;
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age,
And fiery youth,
And childhood with
Its brow of truth—
The rich, the poor; on land and sea;
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come!
But other men
Our lands will till,
And other men
Our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

Napoleon on the Divinity of Christ.

[The remarkable conversation of Napoleon while imprisoned at St. Helena, with Gen. Bertrand, on the Divinity of Christ and the Christian Religion, though often alluded to, has seldom been read. It is an exceedingly terse and conclusive argument, and the circumstances in which it was uttered give it additional weight.]

The conversation at St. Helena very frequently turned upon the subject of religion. One day Napoleon was speaking of the Divinity of Christ, when General Bertrand said:

"I cannot conceive, sire, how a great man like you can believe that the Supreme Being ever exhibited himself to men under a human form, with a body, face, mouth and eyes.

"Let Jesus be whatever you please—the highest intelligence, the purest heart, the most profound legislator, and, in all respects, the most singular being who has ever existed. I grant it. Still he was simply a man, who taught his disciples, and deluded credulous people, as did Orpheus, Confucius, Brahma. Jesus caused himself to be adored, because his predecessors, Isis and Osiris, Jupiter, and Juno, had proudly made themselves objects of worship. The ascendency of Jesus over his time, was like ascendency of the gods and the heroes of fable. If Jesus has impassioned and attached to his chariot the multitude—if he has revolutionized the world—I see in that only the power of genius, and the action of a commanding spirit, which vanquishes the world, as so many conquerors have done—Alexander, Cæsar, you, sire, and Mohammed, with a sword."

Napoleon replied:

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.

"We can say to authors of every other religion, 'You are neither gods nor the agents of the Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood, moulded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin.' Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience, of whoever examines the god and the temple of paganism.

"Paganism was never accepted, as truth, by the wise men of Greece; neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras, or Pericles. On the other side, the loftiest intellects, since the advent of Christianity, have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith, in the mysteries and the doctrines of the gospel; not only Bossuet and Fenelon, who were the preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

"I see in Lycurgus, Numa, and Mohammed only legislators, who, having the first rank in the State, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals Divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces them Divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself; foibles and errors which ally them to me and to humanity.

"It is not so with Christ. Everything in him astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world, there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing, are not explained either by human organization or by the nature of things.

"His birth, and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution; his gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms—everything is, for me, a prodigy, a mystery insoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I cannot escape—a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, everything is above me, everything remains grand, of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and of maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our science. One can absolutely find nowhere but in him alone, the imitation or the example of his life. He is not a philosopher, since he advances by miracles, and from the commencement his disciples worshiped him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart, than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did he impose upon them any preliminary studies, or any knowledge of letters. All his religion consists in *believing*.

"In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of heaven and the laws of the spirit. Also, he has nothing to do but with the soul, and to that alone he brings his gospel. The soul is sufficient for him, as he is sufficient for the soul. Before him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the master of the world. At his voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has conquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word—*Faith*.

"What a master, and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray! He imposes belief. And no one, thus far, has been able to contradict him; first, because the gospel contains the purest morality, and also because the doctrine which it contains of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see, and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say No to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous. But no one can venture to say, *It is not so.*

"Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He died, the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests, and of the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by His own disciples.

"They are about to take me and to crucify me,' said He. 'I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But then, Divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man to God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me; for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies; and I shall send to them, from heaven, a Spirit who will instruct them. The Spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my gospel. In fine they will preach it; and they will convert the world.'

"And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul, the 'foolishness of the cross,' this prediction of one miserably crucified, is literally accomplished. And the mode of the accomplishment is perhaps more prodigious than the promise.

"It is not a day, nor a battle which has decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No! It is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles and continued by their successors and by succeeding generations of Christian. In this conflict all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy; individuals scattered here and there, in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

"What a mysterious symbol: the instrument of the punishment of the Man-God. His disciples were armed with it. 'The Christ,' they said, 'God, has died for the salvation of men.' What a strife, what a tempest these simple words have raised around the humble standard of the punishment of the Man-God. For three hundred years the spirit struggled against despotism, the soul against the body, virthe against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They died kissing the hand that slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Everywhere Christians fell, and everywhere they triumphed.

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander; of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm which they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers. But can you conceive of a dead man making conquests, with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power! A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

"Can you conceive of Cæsar as the eternal Emperor of the Roman Senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the empire, watching over the destines of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity. Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of His church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is then the power which has protected this Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage, and the hostility of ages? Whose is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it?

"Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself, founded empires. But upon what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon *force*. Jesus Christ alone founded His empire upon *love*; and at this hour millions of men would die for Him.

"In every other existence but that of Christ, how many imperfections? Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never compounded with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last He is the same, always the same; majestic and simple, infinitely firm and infinitely gentle.

"It is true that Christ proposes to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words, '*I am God.*' He declares it. What an abyss He creates, by that declaration, between Himself and all the fabricators of religion! What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true! I say more; the universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not really that of God Himself, would be a plausible excuse, and the proof of atheism.

"Moreover, in propounding mysteries, Christ is harmonious with nature, which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? whither do I go? who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man and out of man, in nature, every thing is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and destiny of each individual. Christianity at least does not evade these great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

"The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds, in meditating upon it, that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power, which invades everything which opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table, this book surpassing all others (here the Emperor deferentially placed his hand upon it); I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

"Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which pass before us like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotions which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent in a summer's night, with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this book for its guide. Once master of our spirits, the faithful Gospel loves us. God even is our friend, our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses so tenderly.

"What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an empire so absolute, He has but one single end, the spiritual melioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union to that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

"Christ speaks, and at once generations become His by stricter, closer ties than those of blood: by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flames of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founder of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, to make himself beloved, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is, the reign of charity.

"I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and Christian charity, which are as unlike as their cause.

"But after all, my presence was necessary: the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me; then the sacred fire was kindled in their hearts. I do indeed possess the secret of this magical power, which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my Generals ever learned it from me. Nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me, in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without the aid of physical means.

"Now that I am at St. Helena; now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? who are the courtiers of my misfortunes? who thinks of me? who makes efforts for me in Europe? where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile."

Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for the moment he was silent. He then continued:

"Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters came; the gold gradually became dim. The rain of misfortune and outrage, with which I am daily deluged, has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

"Such is the fate of great men! So it was with Cæsar and Alexander. And, I too, am forgotten. And the name of a conquerer and an Emperor is a college theme! Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutors, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding us censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me; assasinnated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for the worms. Behold the destiny, near at hand, of him whom the world called the great Napoleon! What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extended over all the earth. Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ! It is the death of God!"

For a moment the Emperor was silent. As General Bertrand made no reply, he solemnly added, "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well; then I did wrong to make you a general."

There is a morning coming when Episcopalianism, and Methodism, and Congregationalism, and all shall stand on the sea of glass and worship him that sitteth on the great white throne. I belong to the church of that morning. I like that saying of Whitfield's—"Father Abrahain, have you got Episcopalians up there?" "No." "Have you got Methodists up there?" "No!" "Have you got Independents?" "No! none but Christians, my son!"—*Dr. Tyng.*

THE FIRESIDE.

The Light of the House.

BY MINNIE.

Patting o'er the carpet,
Patting up the stair,
Tiny feet are running,
Running everywhere.

Peering through the window
Little Minnie's face
With its smiling features
Brightens every place.

Sunny curls are gleaming
On his baby brow;
Innocence is shining
From the blue eyes now

Down beside his mother
At the close of day,
In his childish beauty,
Harry kneels to pray.

Folded are the white hands,
Raised the starry eyes,
And the voice goes upward
To the silent skies.

On sweet mama's bosom
Harry falls asleep;
Round him gentle angels
Unseen watches keep.

Thank God, gentle mother,
For the jewel rare,
And may the Great Giver
Bless you with his care.

FOR MUSIC.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

Something to love—ever something to love!
All crave a fixed star in time's changeable sky;
No meteor to flash, and then fade from above.
But a planet whose lustre shall last till we die!
Though life's sparkling cup
To the brim be filled up,
By affection untinctured insipid 'twill prove;
Drain it off as we will,
The heart's longing is still
For something to love!—something to love!

For something to love—ay, almost to adore;
And which loves in return with such tender excess,
That life's harp-strings would break with one tremor the more,
Yet be tuneless with one sweet emotion the less.
Proud philosophy's chain
May be forged by the brain;
But spite of such fetters the free heart will rove
Till round it are thrown
Those pure links which alone
Can unite it forever with—something to love!

PARENTAL DUTY.—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which compels him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which *he* desires? Is it an advantage to them to to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest that a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellect, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property, simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.

The Forged Will.

A few years since, a man of high respectability was tried in England on a charge of forging a will, in which it was discovered he had an indirect interest to a large amount. Mr. Warren was the associate prosecuting attorney, and the case was tried before Lord Denman.

The prisoner being arraigned and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly answered he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with *red* or *black* wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testater when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray, how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large, deep-blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will—he signed it in his bed—at his request you signed it as a subscribing witness—you saw him seal it—it was with red wax he sealed it—a piece of wax, too, three or four inches long—he lit that wax with a piece of candle which you procured for him from a cupboard—you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, sir—upon your solemn oath—*you did?*"

"I did!"

"My Lord—IT'S A WAFER!"—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

An Irish auctioneer, whilst expatiating on the merits of a telescope, sagely observed: "How often has the widow's heart leaped for joy when she has beheld her husband at a distance brought near to her by such an instrument as this!"

LOVE OF READING.—Hon. Rufus Choate in an address once said: "Happy is he who has laid up in youth, and held steadfast, in all fortune, a genuine and passionate love of of reading; true balm of hurt minds, of surer and more healthful charm than poppy or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world; by that single taste, by that single capacity he may bound in a moment into the still regions of delightful study, and be at rest. * * * Well may he prize that enduring charm, so effectual and safe, without which this brain (placing his hand on his forehead) had long ago been chilled by paralysis, or set on fire by insanity."

Ennius, the Latin poet, said: "A sure friend is discerned in an unsure matter," according to Cicero.

Dr. Kane and the Esquimaux.

It was quite late in the evening when I drew near Etah, on the north cape of Littleton Island. I mean that it was verging on to our midnight, the sun being low in the heavens, and the air breathing that solemn stillness which belongs to the sleeping-time of birds and plants. I had not quite reached the little settlement when loud sounds of laughter came to my ear; and, turning the cape, I burst suddenly upon an encampment of the inhabitants.

Some thirty men, women, and children, were gathered together upon a little face of offal-stained rock. Except a bank of moss, which broke the wind-draught from the fiord, they were entirely without protection from the weather, though the temperatre was 5 deg. below zero. The huts were completely deserted, the snow tossut had fallen in, and the window was as free and open as summer to the purifying air. Every living thing about the settlement was out upon the bare rocks.

Rudest of gypsies, how they squalled, and laughed, and snored, and rolled about! Some were sucking bird-skins, others were boiling incredible numbers of auks in huge soapstone pots, and two youngsters, crying, at the top of their voices, "Oopesoak! Oopesoak!" were fighting for an owl. It was the only specimen (*Stryx nyctea*) that I had seen except on the wing; but before I could secure it they had torn it limb from limb, and were eating its warm flesh and blood, their faces buried among its dishevelled feathers.

The fires were of peat-moss greased with the fat of the bird-skins. They were used only for cooking, however, the people depending for comfort on the warmth of close contact. Old Kresut, the blind patriarch of the settlement, was the favored centre, and around him, as a focus, was a coil of men, women, and children, as perplexing to unravel as a skein of eels. The children alone were toddling about and bringing in stores of moss, their faces smeared with blood, and titbits of raw liver between their teeth.

The scene was redolent of plenty and indolence,—the *dolce far niente* of the short-lived Esquimaux summer. Provision for the dark winter was furthest from their thoughts; for, although the rocks were patched with sun-dried birds, a single hunting party from Peteravik could have eaten up their entire supplies in a night.

There was enough to make them improvident. The little auks were breeding in the low cones of rubbish under the cliffs in such numbers that it cost them no more to get food than it does a cook to gather vegetables. A boy ordered to climb the rocks with one of their purse-nets of seal-skin at the end of a narwhal's tusk, would return in a few minutes with as many as he could carry.

The dogs seemed as happy as their masters: they were tethered by seal-skin thongs to prevent robbery, but evidently fed to the full extent of their capacity.

Aningnah, wife Marsumah, was one of the presiding deities of the soup-pot, or rather first witch of the cauldron. She was a tall, well-made woman, and next to Mrs. Metek, had a larger influence than any female in the settlement.

During one of my visits to the settlement, I had relieved her from much suffering by opening a furnucle, and the kind creature never lost an opportunity of showing how she remembered it. Poor old Kresut was summarily banished from the central seat of honor, and the nalegak installed in his place. She stripped herself of her bird-skin kapetah to make me a coverlet, and gave me her two-year-old baby for a pillow. There was a little commotion in the tangled mass of humanity as I crawled over them to accept these proffered hospitalities; but it was all of a welcoming sort. I had learned by this time to take kindly and condescendingly the privileges of my rank; and, with my inner man well refreshed with auk-livers, I was soon asleep.

In the morning I left my own tired dogs in charge of Marsumah, quite confident that his wife would feed them faithfully, and took from their only team an unequal exchange. Such had become our relations with these poor friends of ours, that such an act of authority would have gone unquestioned if it had cost them a much greater sacrifice. They saw the condition of my own travel-broken animals, and were well aware of the sufferings of our party, so long their neighbors and allies. Old Nessark filled my sledge with walrus meat; and two of the young men joined me on foot, to assist me through the broken ice between Littleton Island and the main land.—*Arctic Explorations.*

The Millionaires of New York.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* makes the following mention of the millionaires of that city:

William B. Astor is our richest man; he inherited his wealth. Stephen Whitney, five millions; owes his fortune to speculations in cotton and the rise in real estate. W. H. Aspinwall, four millions, came from a rich family, and gained vast increase of wealth in the shipping business. James Lennie, three millions, which he inherited. The late Peter Harmony, two millions; came to this city a cabin boy, and grew rich by commerce. The Lorillards, two millions; came from France poor, and made their huge fortunes in the tobacco and snuff business. The late Anson G. Phelps, two millions; learned the trade of a tinner, and made a fortune in iron and copper. Alexander D. Stewart, two millions, now of the dry goods palace; began business in a little fancy store.

Of those who are put down for a million and a half, George Law began life as a farm laborer, Cornelius Vanderbilt as a boatman, John Lafarge as a steward to Joseph Bonaparte. Of the millionaires, James Chesterman began life as a common tailor, and Peter Cooper as gluemaker. George Bancroft, Henry James, Professor Anthon, Thomas McElrath, and Dr. Francis, are each stated to possess a hundred thousand dollars. Edwin Forrest is rated at a quarter of a million, and so is Sidney E. Morse, of the New York *Observer*. Wm. Niblo, it appears, has two hundred thousand dollars. Barnum was down at eight hundred thousand dollars. Bennet at one hundred and fifty thousand. But perhaps the most remarkable statement of all is, that Mrs. Okill, of New York, has made a quarter of a million of dollars keeping school.

Keep that man at a distance who hates music and the laugh of a child.

To great evils we submit; we resent little provocations.

Mount Vernon.

[From the New York Examiner.]

The dilapidated state of Mount Vernon—the Mecca of American pilgrims—has reached the hearts of thousands. Nothing more poverty-stricken can be conceived of than the home of Washington. The misery and wretchedness of the poor slaves in rags, is most mournfully manifest. The present owner, Mr. Augustine Washington, has of late years consented to the running of a steamboat with visitors to Mount Vernon, be sharing the receipts of the proprietors, for the privilege of visiting the home and tomb of Washington. Recently, some enterprising Yankees have made an arrangement with him for a monopoly of the manufacture of canes, till now the sole gratuity to the poor slaves. This has drawn forth the following, which appears in the *Daily Globe* of this city. Perhaps the nobility of Virginia may yet be provoked to redeem the home of Washington from such a miserable traffic, and restore Mount Vernon to its pristine beauty—once more to restore the house and gardens to their former magnificence, and above all, to keep the Tomb of Washington clean, and in a state fit to be looked into by visitors:

GRAVES AND GROVES.

Dead millionaires at Greenwood
Lie royalty in state,
Their tombs have rich appointments—
Marble sculpture, metal gate;
But the grave of Pater Patriæ
Is desolate and bare,
Though it nets, on exhibition,
A nice income for his heir.

The groves of England's Windsor
No woodman's axe invades;
They stand as when the Tudors
Chased deer beneath their shades;
But the forests of Mount Vernon,
Guarding Washington's remains,
Are being sold on speculation,
To be peddled out in canes.

Washington, January, 1857. W.

Ideas.

How few there are who conceive and appreciate the power of ideas, and the way in which they and they alone shape the great business transactions of the world. Thousands who realize fortunes by carrying out the ideas of others imagine that they are the only benefactors of the human race; they handle and collect and dispose of solids and fluids, which are in bales, boxes, casks or hogheads, and imagine that this is the greatest of occupations, because they so frequently become wealthy by the operation; they look at genius as a shadowy and unsubstantial possession, not capable of being itemized, recorded in a journal, or carried out in a ledger. They consider brains as an unlucky sort of inheritance, and one that does not pay well; indeed they have a sort of pity for those persons who are particularly talented and clever, and ask with an air of commiseration, "What under the sun do these people do to obtain a living?"

They little know that they are reaping the rewards of the very wit and ingenuity they despise; they are, in fact, without knowing it, pack-horses to carry the burdens which men of genius have laid upon their backs, and they owe all their prosperity to the employment of an inferior tact of their own. The rich merchant who sells cotton goods, is after all, indebted to the poor artist who invented the machine which weaves and spins his commodities. Whose ideas are those which fill with volumes the shelves of booksellers and publishers, who give the paper-maker endless employment in the fabrication of the pages on which thought is to be impressed. They are those of men of genius and study, who in the elaboration of a great, a noble, or a useful sentiment, set whole communities at work, impel the wheels of industry, and change the fate of nations.

One cannot look around without perceiving that ideas control the world. There is nothing done but it orginated in the mind of some reflecting person. Literary labors are always of the highest importance, because they are intimately connected with the creation and transmission of ideas. The newspaper press, which keeps the world in acquaintanceship, is but the expression of the minds of those who look and think, and give utterance to their thoughts, and yet how little is appreciated as it should be, that great mental power!

There are no laborers in the great field of human exertion who deserve more of mankind than these laborers in the vast and rich mines of thought, and yet there are but few of the world's workers who are so illy rewarded, as literary men. Authorship has been likened to the labor of the silk-worm, in which the life of the insect is exhausted while producing the shining threads which others turn to profit. May a time speedily come when the literary laborer shall be justly appreciated, and find reward in pudding as well as praise.

HONORABLE CONDUCT.—Pope tells us that an honest man is the noblest work of God, and we are glad to offset the stories of fraud and peculation of late so rife, by citing examples of a different character. A correspondent, writing from Lexington, Ky., furnishes one of these. He says:—"Thirty years ago, Mr. J. S. Davis, of your city, borrowed of the late Nathan Jarvis, then also of your city, a sum of money. Mr. Jarvis became afterwards a very prominent citizen of New Orleans, La., where he was one of the founders of the free school, a city father, and president of the New England Society, besides being a prominent member of all the benevolent societies. He met with an accidental death from the explosion of the boiler of a steamboat. His widow and two daughters found a home here in the interior of Kentucky, where Mr. Davis has taken the pains to seek them out, in order to return this money with thirty years' interest. And he says, 'When I borrowed it, I hoped soon to be able to return it, but I struggled long with poverty. Fortune, having recently favored me, enables me now to pay it, feeling very grateful for the use of it, particularly as I have never been reminded in any way that I owed it.' He was undoubtedly the only living person that knew of the existence of this debt."

THE TELEGRAPH.—Submarine Telegraphs multiply fast. There is a wire from Dover to Calais under the British Channel. There is a wire from Ostend to Dover, under the German Ocean. Dublin and Liverpool are connected by a wire under the Irish Sea. Vienna and Sebastopol are linked by a wire under an arm of the Black Sea. The Ionian Isles are next year to be wired fast to Greece. Algeria is to be fastened to France, Malta to England, and Egypt to Constantinople. The London Telegraph operator, in 1858, will hold in his hand wires running to the four quarters of the globe, as easily as a coachman gathers up the reins of a four-in-hand.

As the Interoceanic Telegraphs are about "belting" the globe, an interesting question will arise—one that will, we fancy, puzzle the Directors to solve, if the present system of closing the telegraph offices on Sunday is attempted to be continued.

A little explained, a little endured, a little tolerated as a foible, and lo! the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic.

ENGLISH FEELING TOWARDS THE UNITED STATES.—At the dinner of the New England Society in New York, on Forefathers' Day, Mr. Fillmore, one of the editors of the London *Times*, made a speech which is' thus reported:

"He noticed the cordiality of his reception, and proceeded to remark that much had been heard of the original settlement of this group of States. The opinion had been indulged that the crew of the 'Mayflower' were isolated among the people from whom they departed; but he was sure they left behind them a mass of sentiment corresponding with that which went with them. When we are told that they were driven hither by persecution, it is true; but when it is said that the sentiment of England concurred in the act of expulsion, do not believe it. The feeling they left behind was one of hope—was one of exultation when they succeeded. (Cheers.) The good feeling of England had always been on the side of the Pilgrims. If you are told, said the speaker, that England wishes to see you divided, dismembered and broken, do not believe it. We do not believe that one star of your constellation will ever be torn from your flag. (Enthusiastic applause.) The two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race are destined to be the civilizers and conquerors of the world. You, by your railroads, urge your way to the West; we go to the Indies and the East, and together we shall encircle the world, till John and Jonathan meet under the walls of the Chinese Empire. (Vociferous cheering, and nine cheers for Old England and New.)"

LETTER POSTAGE.—Letter correspondence and newspaper circulation *ought to be free*—the time will come when they will be; the time will come when it shall be fully understood that the government is the servant—bound to carry out the wishes of its masters, and to do whatever shall best promote the convenience and pleasure of the people, and especially to facilitate, by every means in its power, the circulation of intelligence and knowledge—paying the expense of doing so out of the common fund collected from the whole people. But that consummation must be approached gradually, and meanwhile we desire to be more advanced towards it. If the present Congress can find time, "after the Christmas holidays," to attend to the people's business, we trust it will act on the petitions now before it, and try the experiment of a further reduction in postage rates.

Government not only seeks to make this service pay its way, but also to carry a sum of $2,500,000 per annum besides. Even this is not all, it is also made to reward a host of partisan politicians. If the duties were simplified, as they easily may be, they could be performed at $1,000,000 per annum less expense; and we honestly believe that the only objection to this simplification is, that it would reduce government patronage and influence, by sending a swarm of lazy drones, whose great desire it is to live without labor, to seek other means of support.—*Exchange.*

THE GENTLEMAN.—It is a common thing in the world, to meet with men of probity. Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination, so the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good will of every beholder.—*Steele.*

TURKISH HONESTY.—A mercantile firm in Salonica had bills to a large amount on the principal inhabitants and merchants of the place, which, with their books and papers, were destroyed by fire. On the next day, a prominent Turk, who was largely in their debt, went to them and told them that, having heard that their papers had been destroyed, he had brought a copy of his account with them and fresh bills for the amount due them. This example was followed by all the Turkish debtors to the firm.

COST OF ENGLISH PAPERS.—The London newsmen furnish the London *Times* or *Post*, on the day of publication, for $5,75 a quarter. For the *Herald* $8,50 a quarter is charged. The second edition of the London *Times*, *Sun*, *Globe*, or *Standard*, is furnished for $7,50 a quarter, or $30 per year. Copies of the *Times*, one day old, are furnished at $4 a quarter, so that the difference in the cost in England, between a paper of the latest edition on the day of publication, or the day next succeeding, is equal to the subscription price of the largest commercial newspaper in the United States for one year. A file of the London *Times* taken in this country, costs about $52 a year, or nearly seventeen cents for each copy of the paper. The English papers are conducted on the cash system extremely. They have no subscribers, but are furnished to news-men by the ream, who supply patrons in the city and country districts.

A circular issued by some Temperance organization in England compares the amount expended in Great Britain for intoxicating drinks, in the year 1855, with the amount of British taxation, and the money raised by the principal societies for charitable an religious purposes. The Government taxes for that year amounted to fifty million pounds sterling, while the expenditure for intoxicating drinks and tobacco is given at the enormous sum of seventy-seven and a half millions. From the statistics which this circular gives, it appears that the drinking and tobacco taxes are more than half as much again as the entire Government taxation of the United Kingdom, twelve times as much as the Poor Rates, and nearly *eighty* times the amount given to the twelve largest societies for promoting the cause of religion and morality.

A WATER-DRINKER.—Cobbett thus describes his own experience: "In the midst of a society where wine or spirits are considered as of little more value than water, I lived two years without either; and with no other drink but water, except when I found it convenient to obtain milk. Not an hour's illness, not a headache for an hour, not the smallest ailment, not a restless night, not a drowsy morning, have I known during these two famous years of my life. The sun never rises before me; I have always to wait for him to come and give me light to write by, while my mind is in full vigor, and while nothing has come to cloud its clearness."

Two principles govern the moral and intellectual world. One is perpetual progress, the other the necessary limitations to that progress. If the former alone prevailed, there would be nothing steadfast and durable on earth, and the whole of social life would be the sport of winds and waves. If the latter had exclusive sway everything would petrify or rot.—*Genz.*

Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge, is thy destination, proclaims the voice of my inmost soul. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of piety—no, for action was given thee; thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth.

Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child. They are the only persons who in one sense retain it always, and they furnish other persons with the same idea. The other children grow up to manhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality. This alone is an immortal child.—*Leigh Hunt.*

FOR THE CHILDREN.

[The following is a true story, and is written by a lady who has promised to write other stories for the children. They will be glad to hear from her frequently.]

A True Story of "Faithful Watch."

"Aunt Caddy," cried my little niece to me, one evening, "tell us a story—a true story of when you were a little girl." So, taking the dear child upon my lap, I told her the following:

When I was a little girl, my dear father owned a fine, large watch-dog, and the noble animal seemed to understand nearly all that was said to him.

My brother Willie was extremely fond of the dog, and Watch was the constant companion of all his rambles; and great was Master Willie's grief, when he went to school, to find that Watch was excluded. But the faithful creature would trot along by the side of his little master until they reached the school-house, when he would stand by the door till Willie entered, and then he would post off home.

Now, the school-house was a good way off from Willie's home, and Watch was a nice companion during the walk to and from school, and so Willie had persuaded his mother to send the dog to meet him, on his way home; so when the clock indicated the hour for the school to be dismissed, Willie's mother would open the door, and say, "Watch, bring Willie home,"—and off Watch would bound, away over the hills, to the school-house.—Well, one clear, cold day in January, when the snow was quite deep upon the hills that must be crossed on the way, Watch started out on his accustomed journey.—The wind had piled the snow in deep drifts across the path, yet he did not mind the snow, although it sometimes almost covered his back. But, what, do you think, made him stop, look around, and then whine so piteously? I will tell you. He was not more than two-thirds of the way, when he came to a little cap upon the snow. Do you think he knew to whom the cap belonged? *Yes*, and he put his cold nose down to it, and then commenced a search around the spot, near by which he soon found his little master, cold and insensible

The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEB. 26 1857.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The Publisher of The Pacific, and not the Trustees, will be responsible for any debts that may accrue in conducting the paper.

P. GORDON MERITT, Publisher.

NOTICE.—*To Yearly Subscribers who have the "Pacific" mailed to Friends in the Eastern States.*—In all cases, where the time paid for has expired, the paper will be discontinued on the 1st of March, unless pre-payment is made by that time. THE PUBLISHER.

Death.

We visited Lone Mountain Cemetery less than a week ago, in company with some friends. Observing names of the living attached to grounds recently selected, our friend proposed that we should select a lot—that as we had, together, dwelt pleasantly here, so we might, together, lie down in death. Then, he would visit the spot with something of a joyous feeling that his bed was already made, and the pillow smoothed, and the flowers in the urn, waiting for him to enter the loving chamber for his long night's repose.

It might be useful to talk with the spot that is yet to urn our ashes, to speak with the willows that will soon droop their branches over us, and to talk with the flowers that will sink down in autumn and then rise and bloom again, and to commune with the dust, to which our bodies are kindred, and thence with heaven, where our spirits belong.

Our own conscious life, so far as now appears, is literally bounded on either side by the stream of death. Our first, early recollection, when scarcely more than three years of age, was of being lifted up by a kind lady to see the form of an infant brother laid out for the grave. It was just touching one tiny hand in the cold stream, only enough to know that it was icy. At the other extreme of consciousness, we shall feel ourselves sinking in that cold wave; yet we humbly trust that we shall feel underneath us the arm of Eternal love. Every life meets often the windings of the river of the death. We often come unexpectedly upon the cold, sullen stream, until at length our pathway borders it, and we scarcely take note of its ever-rolling, but silent waves.

O, death! thy trophies are all along the track of memory! thy desolations all around the homes of the living! We talk of the dead, and bring up in the quiet home of chastened intercourse the forms of the departed. And we soon shall go. The hand that holds the pen will soon cease to throb with its pulse, and to obey the mind that moves it now. This body will be dressed for the grave, if, indeed, the sea form not its sepulchre. The last word will be spoken with husky, but calm voice, and the last look taken with glazed eye. It is near. It is near. The icy wave of death almost washed us! O, would that the heart would cherish admonitory thoughts, and that the life might be quickened in its truest work! If we are to die soon, let us do the work which, at death, we should delight to look upon, and to say, gratefully, "It is finished." Finished—a good fight—the fight of faith. Finished—noble plans—living unto others and not to ourselves alone.

Home Religious News.

DOWNIEVILLE.—We take the following extract from a private letter received from Rev. W. C. Pond; "We are enjoying a most precious season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The meetings are held at the Methodist Church, but all Christians participate in them freely and eagerly. Backsliders are reclaimed, and sinners are convicted and converted. The work is going on quietly but powerfully. Last night, despite the storm, the church looked full, although more might have got in; and there was that earnest attention and deep solemnity which betokens the Spirit's agency, and makes it so delightful to preach the gospel."

MOKELUMNE HILL.—A new Congregational Church is to be dedicated in this place next Sabbath.

PETALUMA.—The people of Petaluma are building a new Congregational Church. Size 32 by 48.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH SAN FRANCISCO.—Fourteen persons are propounded for admission to this Church on Sabbath next: eight of whom are upon profession, six by letter. The prayer meetings of the Church are full of interest and solemnity.

HOWARD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—The Congregations of this Church are good, and there is a marked attention and solemnity under the preaching of Truth.

COLUMBIA.—A Fair was recently held, in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Columbia, which realized the sum of $800, sufficient to pay off all indebtedness upon the Church, and to complete some important repairs upon the building. This Church, under its very able and excellent pastor, is in a most prosperous condition.

HOME MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTION.—The Churches planted in this State, through the liberality of the American Home Missionary Society are beginning to give acknowledgment of their indebtedness to the Society, to whose funds they will soon, we hope, be liberal contributors, to carry the gospel wherever our civilization and population go. The Presbyterian Church of Oakland, on Sabbath the 8th inst., took up a collection of $45, for the Treasury of the Society.

BAPTIST.—We are in receipt of the circular of the Secretary of the *American and Foreign Bible Society*, containing the report of the January monthly meeting. At the previous meeting, Rev. James Cusick, an Indian Baptist minister settled over a church of his own countrymen of the "six nations," at Grand River, Canada West, had presented a request for aid in revising and publishing a new edition of the New Testament in the Mohawk tongue: this being the only part of the Bible which they possess, and the people of the "six nations" being unable to understand it in any other dialect of the Indian tribes. The remnant of the tribes in different parts of the States and Canada, who understand the Mohawk tongue, numbers, it is said, almost 12,000 souls. Almost eighty years ago, the New Testament was published in their language, with the omission, for some cause, of one of the Epistles to the Corinthians. The edition, imperfect as it was, is now exhausted. It was voted by the house to furnish the aid necessary to publish a new edition, whenever a suitable person could be found to revise the work and superintend the printing. The church of Mr. Cusick, in different branches, numbers 500 persons, 55 of whom were baptized the past year. An interesting work of grace is reported in the mission in New Mexico, where three Mexican colporteurs are laboring. Forty converts are reported, besides a Navajo Indian living in the family of one of the colporteurs. The board have before them 48 applications for appointment as colporteurs, but cannot make the appointments at present, for want of funds. The receipts are about $2,000 per month in advance of those of the same months of last year.

BIRTH DAY of WASHINGTON.—We acknowledge an invitation to be present at the Santa Clara College, on the evening of the 22d.

To Those who sometimes Write.

We are truly desirous of receiving well written and brief communications which may be of general interest. We do not mind a fault of structure or of finish, for we can devote the necessary time to prepare manuscript for the printer. But long and pointless articles are of no value in a newspaper. We have many such lying by us, excellent enough in spirit, but not adapted for their design. We love to be taught by examples. Every one could draw from his own experience and observations in this State, lessons rich for himself and for others. What Tupper says of individual thoughts is eminently true of individual experience:

"The commonest mind has thoughts which could it see them fairly writ,
Twould wonder at its wealth——."

So there is no man who has not experience to relate,—the telling of which would benefit himself and others. Putting the lessons we have learned into words, makes them doubly lessons to ourselves.

Here is a man who came to California years ago, with the crowd. He endured everything famine and fever, to reach the golden land, and instead of gaining wealth to pay those honest debts, which he would not die until he had wiped from his creditors' ledgers, and to feed and clothe and educate a helpless family, he was kept down with sickness and baffled in every adventure.

Other and profligate young men, with none to live for but themselves, and no conscience to impel to high efforts, delved successfully and gathered but to waste. But years of dark, hopeless, baffled efforts wore out his vigor and sprinkled gray hairs over his head. Home letters brought fresh showers of tears as often as they came. A tired and worn heart here answered to weary hearts there. Ah, why this trial of his integrity and his faith in heaven? It is hard, but he hopes and prays and holds fast his faith, and peace does dwell in his agonized bosom, for he has committed no deeds to stain his name, and poverty in itself is not reproach; and besides "all is right, for God has done it." From the depths of his sorrow and from the calm which can preserve peace in such a flood, does there not come to us a lesson as true as virtue and heaven?

There are hearts which even adversity cannot crush. We listen to their teachings as the voice of a prophet baptized in fire. And when prosperity succeeds such trials, and the heart exults in its fourfold joy, we also rejoice in it as a triumph of virtue and a vindication of rectitude.

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." Teach by your experience and we will be taught. A poor miserable drunkard who has wallowed on the earth, is approached by some friend and told that he is a man: told that there is hope for him yet, and that the hues of his boyhood's heaven may yet be rainbowed over his life.

The joy of his reclamation and the remembrance of suffering unseal his lips in words of warning to those who are exposed to the same course of almost inevitable ruin. He speaks truth—the things which he does know—and hundreds and thousands tremble before his impetuous utterances.

And so it is with preaching. The great good man (in his own esteem) cannot preach. His words do not COME HOME and thrill on the popular heart. It must be the man who has not grown so good or been perfect so long as to have forgotten that HE is a sinner. It must be one whose memory is fresh, and whose consciousness is renewed every day, of unworthiness, of degradation, on account of a sinful life, of condemnation because the infinite law of God has been broken, of sorrow and contrition because for so many years no recognition was made of the love of heaven—such an one,—once blind now seeing—once sinning and a slave of sin,—now free and striving upward, lured by the love of God—that can awaken and thrill and move us. Both requisites are equally needed, the sense of sin and the knowledge of virtue—to have tasted the tree of evil, and of good.

So let men write *from themselves*. Their simplest words will then be eloquent. What is true in the heart of man is eloquent. There is earnest, real experience enough in this State, were it worded, to teach the world and make it wise. What bitterness and woe have men experienced for departing from the counsels of parents, and stifling the convictions of their own hearts, and listening to the syren voice of pleasure, while Wisdom, pointing with the finger of authority, said "This is the way." He who can instruct and save others by his warnings has not suffered in vain. And he who has found his way through a thicket and come out tangled and bleeding and sore, and gained an eminence in the pure air and the sun, but obeys a simple prompting when he guides his yet wandering companions with his counsels and earnest voice.

NEW WATER COMPANY.—We have received and examined a memorial presented to the Board of Supervisors of this county by John Bensley, A. W. Von Schmidt and A. Chabot, asking a charter and permission to introduce water into the city. They propose to bring it from "Lobos Creek," a stream emptying into the ocean at a point a mile and a half southwest of Fort Point, and to conduct it for the present partly in wooden aqueducts, and across the government reservoir, for which permission has been obtained, to a reservoir at South Beach.

There it is to be raised by an engine to an elevation a hundred feet above the city's base, which is deemed sufficient for supplying fully three-fourths of the city, and for the supply of the remaining part another engine would be placed to elevate to another reservoir the needed amount. This double system of pipes and reservoirs would save the expense of elevating all the water to the highest altitude. Lobos Creek discharges more than two millions of gallons of water in twenty-four hours, in the driest season. A charter to the exclusion of other companies is not asked for, the price of water should be determined by commissioners. The necessary amount would be supplied without charge to the city for fire and school purposes. The charter provides for the sale of one-half the work to the city, at the end of six years, or if it be not purchased that the one-half shall revert to the city without expense, viz: one-fourth in 11 years and another fourth in 15 years from the date of the charter. The charter also stipulates that the water shall be introduced into the city within nine months from the date of the ordinance.

From what little attention we can give to the subject, we can but regard it as the most favorable plan yet submitted, by far, for supplying the city with water. Its provisions do not amount to a monopoly. The company is a responsible one, of experienced and substantial men. It appears that we are not to hear from Mountain Lake very soon again, and we would be very glad to join hands with Lobos Creek, and to take it into our houses.

INSANITY IN SAN FRANCISCO.—During the present month no less than ten insane persons have been brought to the station house. Some of them have recovered, but the greater number are probably beyond the reach of medical skill.

NEW CHURCH.—The Gothic Free Episcopalian Church, corner of Mason and Geary streets, was opened, Sunday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Ver Mehr for Divine service.

A Drunkard's Story.

A subscriber sends us a Canadian paper, the *St. Catharine's Journal*, containing a temperance lecture (delivered in the Court Room at Niagara) by James Alex. Davidson. It is a thrilling tale of personal experience of a life of degradation and suffering passed among those whom the speaker then addressed, and who could all bear witness to its truthfulness and feel the force of its appeals. The speaker was the son of a former Mayor and Chief Magistrate of Niagara. We take a few extracts from the lecture.

What came ye up for to see? Did you come here this evening to see an able man—to listen to an eloquent man—to be edified by a pious man? If you did, you will find yourselves mistaken. It was not my character for morality, for piety, for manliness, for common sense or for decency, that brought together this large meeting, among whom I see some old faces and some faces new to me; but let me tell you what it was that brought you together. It was your curiosity to hear and see what an inebriate of fifteen years' experience had to say for himself that made you come up here! You want to hear what a deserter from the service of the Prince of Darkness has to say of the treatment he received—of the honor conferred, and the promotions and degrees through which he has passed!

In doing my duty, I will say some things hard to the ears of men dead in sin. Some will say, I am an unnatural son; but remember that what I now say, I say in the fear of God. When you hear me speak of my parents forget it not, that what I will say to-night is not so unnatural as my awful cursing and damning of my father and mother, that this my mouth has often uttered when crazed with drink. That what I say of my father is not as bad as when in liquor I kicked him on the head and in the face with my hard boot. Oh God! help me to clear my skirts of blood-guiltiness. God help my natural weakness!

You all know that my father was an intemperate man, and that in the eyes of man was all the fault he ever had, and that in the eyes of man was all that ever ailed me. In my father's house I first learned to drink. Beer, especially, I was fond of; and better by far had my father kept rattlesnakes in his cellar than beer barrels. O, yes! better a thousand times, that the first glass of beer I ever drank had contained Death, for then I would have escaped the hell I suffered, and the hell I caused mother to suffer, and father, and sister, and all dear friends, and all people of feeling and humanity.

My friends, the beer drank in my father's house, prepared the way for the brandy in the saloon, and hell-hole, and tavern. The beer drank when I was a simple and innocent child, made me the bloated, blaspheming and abominable-looking blot of abandonment which I have been for years on the face of this fair earth. The beer which father, in his love and good-heartedness and affection, gave me, was what made me in the end a brute, and made me often and often (O, God! forgive me) blaspheme, and when in liquor, curse my father and mother in language that would pale the hardest of you now to hear. It was the beer that made me a brute, a beast, a hell-bound, a moral ulcer, an awful example of a father's mistake and a son's misconduct.

O yes, my friends, my father loved me with a love that few fathers ever bore. He never struck me a hard blow in his life. He never reproached me in my most aggravating moments. He was all affection. I was all fiend, when in liquor. He was all love. I was all lunatic. He was all long-suffering and kindness. I was all prodigality, licentiousness, rascality, abomination and madness. O, dear! what a hard and callous-hearted set of men you must be, if you cannot see and feel a sermon in just looking back at our family history twenty years.

My mother was murdered by liquor, in this way. Father, in one of his insane fits, one day, although drunk, was attempting to get out of the house. Mother—poor, feeble, living skeleton that she was, and all drunkards' wives are poor and emaciated and weak and pale—she tried to keep father in, for she would, and often did, risk her valuable life to save my worthless, vagrant life, from shame, and she wanted likewise to save father from the shame of going out mad and crazy. She was holding the door, and he, who never in his life that I ever knew, struck her a blow, pushed her away violently, and she fell and fractured her hip That fall laid her on a bed from which she never was able to rise. Thank God! I was not drinking all of her last illness; and although I began to drink a day or two before she died, she died, I believe, in the thought that I was a sober man. I used to send her down wine from St. Catharine's, and father used to watch with her all night, and for months he never had off his clothes. He, poor man, was worn out with watching, and loss of sleep; and his sins made him miserable, and he at times used to drink even then to excess. Instead of going to God for help, he went to Satan and suffered. Mother used to send up to St. Catharine's for me, and I would come down and stay until he was sober again, and sometimes he would remain sober a few weeks at a time. But, my friends, I would given a thousand pounds rather than say what I am going to say. I fear my mother died a drunkard too! Christ says, "he that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me." But that mother, who through all the lifetime that I can remember, kept liquors under lock and key from father, and never was intoxicated, or that I ever saw drink a glass of brandy, was very fond of liquor before she died, and I have often lain with liquor in the bed with me for fear that father would get it. I tell you I did love my parents when sober, and the begging and entreaties of my mother for me to arise and give her liquor are ringing in my ears now. She really required it; she was a skeleton, but I tell you she loved it too. O, God, be merciful to this rum-cursed and rum-ruined Province!

I will tell you what was the hardest sight I ever saw in my life. The day my mother died in Niagara, I was drunk in the common groggeries of St. Catherine's. Poor Grant & Scully of the *Post*, the fastest friends I ever had except my parents, hunted me up, and the shock sobered me! I started for Niagara to see my dead mother. Oh, she was a mother! In answer to her prayers, and the prayer of other friends, I am here to-night. When I got to Niagara, I had to drink to keep up nerve. I was dead then, and far from grace. When I got into the old house, mother had been laid out in the little parlor, and father was lying in bed crying and crazy. He got out of bed—I see him now—and went crying to mother's corpse and stooping down to the cold face said, "Oh Mary! Oh Mary! You are not dead! You are not dead!" I could not bear that.—I broke away from the house like a madman. George Watts was with me, and procured some liquors or I should have died. Next day, poor father attended the funeral. I could not move out of the bed, if I had got a million of dollars. It was God's judgment on me, that I never yet, my friends, saw a friend or relative of mine die; and it was drink did it all! O, God help me to tell you the whole story! After mother died, father was heart-broken. He never raised his head after that. He often said he had no intention of hurting her, and neither had he, neither has any man when in liquor; but they do hurt, and they do murder, and die for the murder on the gallows, and drink does it all. Oh, dear people you will be warned by this awful tale! After mother died I gave myself up to strong drink to kill my guilty conscience, and I was soon beyond all comparison vile. Hiram Farley, who has a heart like a giant, took me out of the streets of Niagara all filth, made a man of me in appearance, and saved my life.

Soon after the father died.

"He died sober and penitent, and had not drank for several days. I lay sick in a saloon with my foot swelled up and frost-bitten, through the effects of my spree. I could not see him. I did not see him die. He used to come to see me every day and cheer me all he could. O, how he loved me even then! I attended his funeral, but had to have a bottle of brandy in my pocket to keep me up. Only think of that! when I stood at the grave there was a pint bottle of brandy in my pocket!

After father's burial, I began again to lie about the streets. The last time I was in Niagara was in March. I was next door to death. Mr. Follett took me to his house. I lay all night on the sofa. In the morning early I was up and off for more liquor. Always got it, too, either by begging or borrowing coppers. I went to St. Catharines; lay about the streets there until the 3d of April, when Mr. J. Oha's Rykett gave me money to go to Toronto. I went there as much because no groggery, not even the vilest in St. Catharines, would let me lie on their floors. In Toronto I lay the first night in the lock up; next night I was in jail, sentenced to break stone 30 days. A friend, a Wesleyan Methodist Minister, took me out of that and saved my life, as Farley had done in Niagara, and others had done in Buffalo; and what a fool he saved! I was still dead in sin. I had not suffered enough, sinned enough, to awaken me. O, the mercy of God! I could relate a hundred cases of escape from death. Death by fire, by water, by exposure, by falls and by suffocation. O, my friends, it is a sure thing that I dare not stand still a moment, or refuse to do my whole duty. My poor parents are lying side by side in the graveyard in Niagara, and I am here telling the woes that harried them there, and left me to breast the storms of life, an outcast and a homeless vagabond. How could I ask a man to befriend me? I asked for little of any one, except drink. Grog-sellers began to hate the sight of me, and well they might. I was finished. Many of them treated me "to get rid of me." "Here, Jim, take a drink and be off." And I had once been a Sunday School scholar: once a gleeful, merry and innocent boy!"

It was the earnest solicitation of a Christian man that induced him, after many ineffectual attempts at reclamation, to take an oath never to drink again. Conscious of his own weakness, he was led to implore Divine aid. Convicted of sin, he sought pardon for his life of iniquity.

"Jesus has made me free and happy, and he is even now waiting to cheer and bless and save any and every man who is ready to come, casting away all his own righteousness. Only come, needy, hell-deserving and undone, just on the brink of hell, and God will give you beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

We commend these remarks to every reader in California who has been accustomed to tamper with intoxicating drinks. No bondage is more dreadful than this, at first voluntary, servitude; no life lower than the drunkard's, and no death more dreadful and hopeless than his.

The Case of Dred Scott.

In an editorial on this case, now awaiting decision by the Supreme Court of the United States, the Boston *Daily Advertiser* justly remarks that "it is one of the peculiarities of our system of Government that the courts of justice are occasionally called upon to review and annul acts of the Legislature. The exercise of this function leads them into the consideration of questions that are elsewhere purely political, and sometimes lends to their decisions an interest which is very general and intense. The case of Dred Scott *versus* J. F. A. Sandford, is of this character."

The interest with which the decision of the Court is looked for in this case, is common to the free and the slave States. It involves the constitutionality of the Missouri compromise act; and incidentally that of those State constitutions which prohibit slavery and give freedom to the slaves brought voluntarily within the State by their owners. It has come before the Court in the natural course of events, and has been elaborately set forth and argued before that body. The *Advertiser* has stated the facts of the case with such clearness, condensation and fairness, that we cannot do better than accept the synopsis.

"Dred Scott was formerly the slave of Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the United States Army and a citizen of Missouri. In 1834, Dr. Emerson being ordered to the military post at Rock Island, in Illinois, took Dred with him, and there remained for two years. In 1836, Dr. Emerson was transferred to Fort Snelling, in what was then Louisiana territory, and is now Minnesota. Dred also accompanied him to this place and was there married, in the same year, to Harriet, the slave of one Major Taliaferro, who had been brought there the year previous, and who was purchased by Dr. Emerson. All parties remained at Fort Snelling till 1838, when they all returned to Missouri. A child, Eliza, was born to Dred and Harriet aboard the boat, on their way down the Mississippi and north of 36 deg. 30 min., and another, Lizzy, after they reached Missouri, at Jefferson Barracks."

"After a while, Dr. Emerson having died in the mean time, Dred brought an action in the Circuit Court of St. Louis, against the wife and administratrix of Dr. Emerson, to recover his own freedom, and that of his wife, Harriet, and his two children, Eliza and Lizzy,—on the ground that he and his wife had become free by being taken for residence to that part of Louisiana territory north of 36 deg. 30 min., where slavery had been prohibited by the Missouri compromise, and had resided there, and on the additional ground in refereuce to Dred, that he had been taken in the same way to Illinois, where slavery was prohibited by the State constitution."

There is in Missouri a law, now incorporated in the Revised Statutes of that State, to enable persons held in slavery to sue for their freedom. It provides that any slave may petition the State Circuit Court for leave to sue *in forma pauperis*, for his freedom, if sufficient grounds for such a course are made to appear. The act of the Legislature directs that if the Court sees fit to grant leave, the plaintiff shall have liberty to attend upon his counsel and the Court for the purposes of his suit, and gives to both plaintiff and defendant the right to appeal from the State Circuit to the Supreme Court. Many actions have been brought under this law, and had been decided so as to establish it as the law of Missouri, that where a slave had been carried by his master into a State or a Territory where slavery was prohibited, the slave became free, and the master's rights could not be resumed on a return to Missouri. One of these cases involved facts almost identical with the case now before the Supreme Court of the United States, it having been held that a slave, having been taken from his owner into Wisconsin Territory, was made free both by the Missouri compromise, and by the prohibition in the ordinance of 1787 applicable to Wisconsin territory.

In the State Circuit Court of Missouri, Dred Scott gained his case, in accordance with former, and we believe uniform, decisions in similar suits. The defendant, however, carried it up to the Supreme Court of the State, and that Court, in March, 1852, reversed the decision of the Circuit Court, on the ground that "the Territorial laws of the United States, and the laws of Illinois, are not laws which must be enforced in Missouri; that their enforcement there is mere matter of comity; and that when those laws are conceived in a spirit of hostility to the institutions of Missouri, and their enforcement would be injurious to the policy of that State, and the interest of its citizens, they are not entitled to any respect." Also, "that if the laws in question, of the United States and of the free States, free a slave who goes to reside under them, they must also have the same effect on one who merely once touches and stands upon the soil of such State or Territory; so that it would follow that in Missouri, surrounded on three sides by free soil, if the masters living on the border should send a slave over the line to catch a stray horse, such slave would at once become free, and entitled to his freedom in Missouri."

Scott therefore remained a slave, and was subsequently sold to Major Sandford, of New York. He took advantage of the change of ownership, again to contend for his right to freedom. He commenced a suit in the Circuit Court of the United States against his new owner, in 1853, describing himself as a citizen of Missouri. The defendant raised a technical objection on the ground that a negro was not a citizen. This was overruled by the Court, which held that Scott was a citizen within the meaning of that section of the Constitution which provides for the maintenance of suits in the United States Courts between citizens of the different States. But the Court held also that Scott and his family were not free, because the Supreme Court of the State had so decided, on the same facts as were now made to appear. Whereupon Scott sued out a writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States at the December term of 1854.

It will be fresh in the recollection of the reader that the case was argued before the Supreme Court at the December term of 1855, and was ordered for a re-argument last December. Some of our cotemporaries were very ready to accuse the Court of a political motive for this course. This accusation was made without a particle of evidence to support it; and the points on which the Court decided to hear further argument show how closely they had looked into the question, and how thoroughly they appreciated its importance. The re-argument was ordered upon the following questions:

"1. Whether, after the plaintiff had demurred to the defendant's first plea to the jurisdiction of the Court below, and the Court had given judgment on that demurrer in favor of the plaintiff, and had ordered the defendant to answer over, and the defendant had submitted to that judgment and pleaded over to the merits, the appellate Court can take notice of the facts admitted on the record by the demurrer, which were pleaded in bar of the jurisdiction of the Court below, so as to decide whether that Court had jurisdiction to hear and determine the cause.

"2. Whether or not, assuming that the appellate Court is bound to take notice of the facts appearing upon the record, the plaintiff is a citizen of the State of Missouri within the meaning of the 11th section of the judiciary act of 1789?"

On the rehearing counsel directed their principal arguments to the question of Scott's citizenship and the constitutionality of the Missouri compromise, though counsel for the defendants argued that the laws of Illinois could not have force in Missouri. The arguments were conducted with great ability on both sides. The issues, it is plain are, first—is the plaintiff, being a negro, a "citizen" within the meaning of the Constitution? The Court having specially ordered this point for reargument, it would seem that they entertained doubts upon it. If the Court decides that he is not, they may possibly give judgment against the plaintiff on that single issue, and leave the other points undecided, which will be matter of regret. The second issue is, what was the effect of the constitution of Illinois upon Scott, after his return from Missouri? with the incidental question whether such constitutions and laws are operative even within the State enacting them, when a slave is only *in transitu*. These issues are very important in the present relations of the free and slave States. It may be doubted whether, having declined to execute its laws on Scott's behalf, or to give him the benefit of the State constitution while he was in Illinois and under her jurisdiction, or Scott having himself failed to claim such protection and benefit, the Supreme Court of the United States will decide that such protection will follow him to Missouri, unless it is made to appear that he was taken from Illinois by violence, and against his own or the State's protest.

The third issue is the constitutionality of the Missouri compromise. It *may be* that this question will not be touched in the decision, as judgment may be given on the other issues or either of them. Indeed, in our humble judgment, the most important questions are those relating to the rights of free States in the matter of constitutions and laws relating to slaves brought within their territories; and it seems eminently desirable that the Supreme Court should take this opportunity of authoritatively settling that question.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

Continental Railroad—No. 4.

The Secretary of War, with the official surveys of all three of the routes before him, and with his well established partiality for a sectional route, has not ventured to compare or contrast the survey of that route with that of either of the other two, nor yet to publish even a synopsis of it. Why is this? If this survey had shown his favorite route to be the cheapest, or to possess any one advantage over the others, he would not have withheld the fact from the public. Why, then, is it withheld? We can account for the fact only by the supposition that the Secretary well knew that the facts therein disclosed, by falling into the hands of men of more comprehensive, more national views than himself, would prejudice the route on which he has set his heart.

We subjoin an able article from *Hunt's Merchant's Magazine*, reviewing the Report of Secretary Davis:

Any cursory reader who takes up the large and elegant folio volume which contains the Reports upon the Pacific Railway, and confines himself to the summary of the Hon. Secretary of War, must rise with the impression that for the last two or three years a large body of officers had carefully examined and surveyed each of the three great routes with equal care; that a mass of evidence as to all of them had been collected; that the irresistible deduction from the proof was, that the southern route from Fulton, on the Red River, was the cheapest, easiest and best, and would best subserve the commerce of the country. But should he recollect the counsel of the bard—

"Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again;"

should he go a step farther, and dip into the documents from which this summary is drawn, the Reports of the Explorers, and they will richly reward him for his toil, it seems to us he will inevitably find that the facts do not warrant the deductions of the Secretary, and will discover a little Southern proclivity in his report.

Perhaps he might infer that a true son of the North, anxious for her supremacy, who has taken the extreme Southern view on the Kansas question, who has opposed that great link in Northern improvements, the Rock Island Bridge, might feel solicitous to secure to the South the great and perhaps sole route to the Pacific.

But before the nation confides to her this great highway, while she closes the Missouri to the North, it owes at least one duty to itself, viz: to compare closely the deductions of our Secretary with his premises.

Without stopping to determine how far his feelings as a man may have influenced his action as an officer, let us consider the proofs on which his report is founded, and we are struck with the fact that the folio, while it overflows with reports on the northern routes, does not contain a single original report upon the southern route.

We have, indeed, an elaborate summary from Capt. A. A. Humphrey, of the War Department, of certain reports which find no place in the folio, although we are told they have been circulated among members of Congress. These reports are from Messrs. Pope, Parke, Emory and Williamson, one of whom seems to have made some observations while engaged on the boundary survey, but as they are not published in the folio, and cannot be obtained from the Department, they must be treated in this discussion as of doubtful value, and entitled to little weight in the decision of the question. As respects the summary, we would accord to it that respect which is due to an argument or critique emanating from an able officer of the army, but it lacks evidence to sustain it, and there are certain peculiarities in this summary which deserve attention. For instance, the War Department has, in this summary, estimated the southern line, from the difficult valley of the Rio Pecos across the desert and mountainous region of New Mexico, by the mountain gorges of San Gorgonio, Chiricahui, Valle de Sauz, Hueco and Guadaloupe, across the Gila and Colorado to New Mexico, will cost from $45,000 to $50,000 per mile, and for 780 miles actually reduces the estimate of the engineer some $10,000 per mile, or more than $7,000,000; but when it comes to deal with the liberal estimates of Governor Stevens, who has added from 25 to 50 per cent. to eastern prices, and allowed $11,000,000 for steamboats, planting trees, and other extras not presented in southern estimates, the Department, before comparing cost of the three great lines, adds some thirty or forty millions of dollars to the cost of the northern line, and raises the estimate on the north line, from Milk River, across prairies, through the easy passes between the Missouri and Columbia, where the United States officers trotted the horses attached to their wagons in mid-winter, and found grass six inches high, and down the valley of the Columbia, until that estimate is carried 100 per cent. above the cost of eastern lines, and the cost of a railway via the valleys of the Missouri and Columbia is made over $100,000 per mile against an average of $48,000 across New Mexico.

And why should lines nearly parallel, the one resting on careful exploration, the other on reports either not deemed worthy of publication, or at all events withheld from general circulation, be subjected to such singular changes in valuation?

The northern line has the best profile, is the most accessible by navigation, passes through the timber regions of Minnesota and Oregon, and has access to the vast pine forests of the Red River, can command labor at lower rates than the south line, and if the south line has any advantage, it can be but in one item, viz: the amount of graduation and masonry, for in all other respects the northern line is superior; but can the amount of graduation and masonry give an advantage of $52,000 per mile for more than one thousand miles? The average cost of the seven great lines out of Boston, over the rough surface of Massachusetts, is but $9,000 per mile for the graduation and masonry. The graduation and masonry of the Western, carried through a tunnel and through rock-cuts seventy feet deep, alternating with viaducts seventy feet high, averaged but $22,000 per mile, and it seems to us to be an absolute impossibility that the northern line, with the best profile, leading through easy valleys, with but one tunnel of two and a quarter miles in length, which may be avoided, should cost, for the single item of graduation and masonry, (which is usually, in Massachusetts, but one-fifth the cost of a railway,) the sum of $52,000 a mile more than the other line, through a worse country and nearly parallel, incurs for the same item. Let us assume that the graduation and masonry on the northern line should cost $22,000 per mile, which is the cost of the Great Western, and more than twice the average of the lines out of Boston, and then upon the theory of the War Department, the graduation of the south line sinks to $30,000 per mile less than nothing.

The significant fact, conceded by the War Department, that the southern line passes a series of high summits, having an aggregate rise and fall of 42,000 feet, with natural slopes varying from 198 to 194 and 240 feet per mile, while the northern route has but 18,000 feet in rise and fall, and far easier gradients, the further fact shown by the evidence that the northern line has better access to water, wood, lumber and navigation, and these remarkable changes of the estimates are almost conclusive proof that the southern line has no advantage on the score of cheapness.

Second, the line which the Secretary pronounces best, but which commences on the prairie with a gradient of ninety feet, must ever be the most costly to work and maintain from its excessive rise and fall, and excessive gradients. It is a little amusing to notice the apologies for these gradients in the suggestion by the Secretary, that thirty-ten engines have climbed them, and in the still more pregnant suggestion of Captain Humphrey, that in computing the cost of equipage he has computed for a light traffic. It is obvious that this line, far away from the direct current of trade, away from the channels of navigation, will have little more than a local business to conduct, and no capacity to do more could it be commanded.

Again; we find in the Secretary's report, page 32, a table by which he seeks to demonstrate that this remote route is most accessible to commerce. How is this accomplished? Not by drawing the lines from Boston, New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia, the great entrepots of the country, but by vouching in the southern cities of Charleston and New Orleans. Such an argument is more specious than convincing.

But the Reviewer is not content with generalities. Like a workman well qualified for the task he has undertaken, and confident of the soundness of the material he has to work with, he analyzes the cost of a railroad, and examines each element separately. In doing this he exhibits still more clearly the utter want of candor on the part of the Secretary. Speaking of the comparative cost of railroads in the Eastern and Western States, Mr. Derby says:

Let us consider for a moment upon what grounds can they safely add one hundred, fifty, or even twenty five per cent to the cost of a railway in the old States as the standard for its cost in the new. Thus far the cost of railways has been diminishing as they progress westward. While the railways of Massachusetts have cost fifty thousand dollars per mile, the railways of Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan averages about thirty-five thousand dollars per mile, and the great Illinois Central, just finished, and lying still farther west, has cost less than thirty thousand dollars per mile. Although iron costs more as we leave the seaboard, the features of the country soften, and the cost of graduation diminishes. There is, too, one marked distinction between the railways of the old States and those of the new, for which sufficient allowance has not been made in the official estimates, for such an allowance would have reduced some of these estimates at least 18 per cent. The distinction to which we refer is the cost of land and land damages. In a State long settled, like Massachusetts, the cost of land becomes oppressive to railways, and on the seven lines leading out of Boston, whose aggregate length is 534 miles, the cost of land, land damages, and fencing averages nine thousand dollars per mile. It indeed equals, if not exceeds, the whole cost of *graduation and masonry*, and forms 18 per cent of the whole cost of constructing and equipping such railways.

In a correct estimate of cost for a Pacific Railway this item, included in the cost of Eastern lines, should disappear, for the right of way and land for stations are granted from the public domain. Shall we, then, should the Department, not content with adding this item, double it also, and thus swell the cost of one or more of the Pacific Railways some thirty millions of dollars?

Let us resolve an Eastern railway into its elements, and consider how far the cost of each element will be enhanced when it is applied to the Pacific route. If we take the seven great lines out of Boston,—the Boston and Lowell, the Boston and Maine, the Boston and Providence, the Boston and Worcester, the Fitchburg, the Eastern, the Old Colony and Fall River, we resolve the aggregate into the following elements, as approximately stated:

Iron,	20 per cent.
Land, land damages; &c.,	18 "
Graduation and masonry,	18 "
Miscellaneous labor, about	15 "
Materials for track, stations, &c.	14 "
Equipage,	10 "
Engineering and agencies,	5 "
Total,	100 "

While the whole cost of the Boston lines averages $50,000 per mile, as nearly two-fifths of their length has been furnished with a second track, the cost of iron amounts to $10,000 per mile, or one-fifth of the aggregate.

Upon the Pacific Railway this proportion of iron will doubtless suffice. If at intervals of 75 miles 50 miles of second track be inserted, the line, aided by the telegraph, may be safely conducted, but, in estimating iron, we must make allowance for the additional cost of its transportation.

Now, iron can be delivered by contract on Puget's Sound, or the head of Lake Superior, for less than 20 per cent advance on Boston prices, and as the average haul from each end of the line will not exceed 500 miles, aided by navigation on the Missouri and Columbia rivers, a further addition of 20 per cent—or 40 per cent in the whole—will cover cost of transit. Forty per cent on one fifth of the entire cost will add but eight per cent to the estimate for the Pacific Railway.

But the next item of 18 per cent for land and land damages must be stricken from the account, and thus we place in the opposite scale a reduction of 18 per cent upon the aggregate cost deduced from the Eastern standard.

Then comes the graduation and masonry, which must be at least a third less on the Pacific route than on the rugged surface of Massachusetts, if we may judge from the profiles of the Northern lines, on which seven-eighths of the route appears to be nearly level or slightly undulating. Let us concede that the labor will cost 25 per cent more east of the Sierra Nevada, and 100 per cent more west of that range, than in the Eastern States; still the estimated reduction of amount of earth-work and rock-work will counterbalance the excess of wages, and leave graduation and masonry at the Eastern standard of 18 per cent.

The cars and engines may be built in Iowa and Minnesota at prices not materially varying from the Eastern. The timber on the Northern lines will cost nothing except the expense of cutting and moving from the public lands of Minnesota, Kansas, California and Oregon.—The cost of engineering and agencies need not be exceeded, on long and easy lines, and if we add 25 per cent east and 100 per cent west of the Sierra Nevada, or an average of 50 per cent to the cost of miscellaneous labor, we shall find the saving in land and land damages more than compensates for the excess on iron and miscellaneous labor, and leaves the estimate of $50,000 per mile a safe standard for either of the Northern routes to California.

If we compare the cost of the elementary parts of a railway upon the Northern with those which would enter in the composition of a railway on the Southern route, we find the advantages decidedly with the former.

1st. The iron would cost less on the former, in consequence of the facilities of navigation on Lake Superior, the Missouri and Columbia the exposed condition of the Port of San Pedro, and the difficulties in the way of access to the town of Fulton.

2d. Labor is more costly in the Southern than in the Northern States, as

LIBEL SUIT AGAINST THE TOWN TALK.—Tong Ah Chick, a prominent and wealthy Chinese merchant, has commenced an action for libel, in the Twelfth District Court, against Mr. P. P. Hull, the proprietor of the *Town Talk*, for publishing an article in that paper, accusing the affiant of perjury, abduction of another Chinaman's wife, and other grave charges, by which he has been made to suffer in his feelings, and injured in his business. He assesses his damages at $5000, and prays a judgment of the Court for that amount and costs against the defendant. Messrs. Scarborough & Platt are attorneys for the plaintiff.

THE NEW TREASURER.—James L. English, the new State Treasurer was sworn into office last Saturday. His bond bears date February 13th, 1857, and is given in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars; it is subscribed by James L. English as principal, and by Henry Hare Hartley, W. W. Drummond, Eugene F. Gillespie, A. P. Catlin, J. B. Crockett, S Clinton Hastings and Thos. Sunderland, as sureties.

A CALIFORNIA WHALE.—On Wednesday night last the carcass of an immense whale was washed ashore on Dennison's Ranch, at Half Moon Bay. This is the second whale which has come ashore on the same ranch this winter. The former yielded seven hundred and forty-three gallons of oil, and netted over $500; the latter is said to be larger, and will probably yield more oil.

THE SUPERVISORS VS. THE GAS COMPANY.—The Board of Supervisors, on Saturday, refused to allow the following bills of the Gas Company, viz: $200 for lighting engine houses during the month of January; for lighting streets for January, $806 43; for lighting the City Hall for January, $359 37.

DOWN ON HIM.—We noticed a drunken man the other day, picking his way along Sansome street, and repeating to himself and the crowd generally, "I'm down on Judge Coon: I'm down on Judge Coon, anyhow." Judge Coon is down on such as he is, most emphatically.

SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY FINANCE.—The receipts of San Joaquin county, from August, 1856, to Febrnary, 1857, were $36,357 79; expenditures, $28,844 35; outstanding indebted, $67,710 09; balance in the treasury, $9,226 69.

SALE OF THE CITY HALL.—James Ross gave notice to the Board of Supervisors, on Saturday, that he would proceed to sell the City Hall for his interest in a certain mortgage thereon, the Auditor having refused to recognize warrants drawn for the interest.

STRANGE DEATH.—The death of a printer is thus described in an English paper: "George Woodcock, the * of his profession, the *type* of honesty, the ! of all; and although the ■■ of death has put a . to his existence, every ‖ of his life was without a ‖."

ESCAPADE.—On the 19th inst. eleven of the crew of the ship Flying Fish stole a quarter-boat, and made their escape from the Navy Yard at Mare Island, where the ship was being repaired. The police are on the lookout for them.

BEAUTIES OF OUR WITNESS LAWS.—M. Dominguez, one of the signers of the Constitution of this State, is prohibited by the present law from giving testimony in our courts, being half Indian.

SACRAMENTO VALLEY RAILROAD.—Last week $40,000 was collected from stockholders in the Sacramento Valley Railroad and applied to the liquidation of the company's indebtedness.

HUNG.—Anastacio Garcia was hung in the jail at Monterey on the night of the 16th inst. He had murdered several men, and was an old offender.

CLOSING THE SCHOOLS.—All the public schools of the city were closed the 23d in honor of Washington's birthday, the anniversary of which was yesterday.

MORTALITY.—The mortality of the city and county, for the week ending last Saturday, was 21, being 9 more than for the preceding week.

Any widow, in Kentucky, having a child between six and eighteen years of age, is allowed to vote for school trustees.

ORDERED PAID.—The Board of Supervisors, on Saturday, ordered the payment of A. H. Bailey's bill of $454 96 for maintenance of prisoners during the past month.

The insurrectionary movements in Tennessee obtained more headway than is known to the public, important facts being suppressed in order to check the spread of the contagion and prevent the true condition of affairs from being understood elsewhere. Upwards of sixty slaves in the Iron Works of John Bell were implicated.

MARYSVILLE CITY CHARTER.—The bill to amend the City Charter is now before the Senate. Our delegation in that body are understood to be in favor of incorporating the more important amendments suggested by the Common Council. The delegation in the Assembly are also in favor of the proposed amendments, with the exception of those which relate to the salaries of Mayor and Marshal, and the city printing. The Mayor's salary will be fixed at $600 per year; the compensation for the Marshal's services will be 1-2 of one per cent. on all taxes, 3 per cent. on licenses and wharfage dues, and such fees of office as the Council may allow, not to exceed Sheriff's fees. In regard to the city printing, the bill provides that it shall be done by contract, for a sum not to exceed $3,000, and this shall embrace the cost of all the city printing, of every nature and description.—*Marysville Herald.*

GOUGH, THE TEMPERANCE ORATOR.—John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, ruralizes through the summer at his residence, about five miles from Worcester, in Boylston, Mass. He here refits body and mind for his winter lecture campaign; extemporizes at the Boylston rural church on Sunday, in the absence of a regular pastor; superintends the Sabbath School; leads the choir, and addresses the inquiry meetings.

The Editor of *Notes and Queries* republishes several curious London advertisements from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in which slaves are put up for sale, and rewards offered for runaways. All this was stopped however, in 1772, not by act of Parliament, but by a simple decision of the Court of King's Bench, by which the pretence of property in man was forever extinguished, and all slaves declared to be free from the moment of their landing on British ground.

The salaries of the officers of the Republic of Liberia, are all on the republican scale: The President receives $2,500; the Vice-President, $400; Secretary of State, $600; Secretary of the Treasury, $750; Chief Justice, $200; Judges of the Court of Quarter Sessions, $200; Attorney-General, $400; and County Attorneys, $200 each, per annum.

THE JEWS.—The Rev. Dr. Ewald, one of the missionaries of the Jew's Society, states that there are now more Jews in Whitechapel, London, than in Jerusalem, and more Jews in London than in the whole of the Holy Land. The total number of Jews in the metropolis is estimated at 20,000.

SHOES MADE OF HUMAN LEATHER.—While at Leyden, in 1818, I remember seeing in a museum, amongst Boerhaave's surgical collection, a pair of lady's shoes, with high heels, made of human leather from the skin of a man who had been executed. The nipple was placed as an ornament in front of the instep.—*Notes and Queries.*

A late investigation in Louisville shows that the last year one-third of the families in that city were destitute of the Bible!

Law Reports.

U. S. Circuit Court—Judge McAllister.

Feb. 20.—McKinlay, Garrioch & Co., vs. the ship Pons Æli.—In this case, Judge McAllister affirmed the decision of Judge Hoffman rendered some time since in the United States District Court. The suit was originally brought in the District Court to recover $9,525, being damages alleged to have been sustained on 4,220 boxes of soap, shipped by Matthew Steele & Son, of Liverpool, to McKinlay, Garrioch & Co. Judge Hoffman had dismissed the libel with costs.

U. S. District Court—Judge Hoffman.

Anthony Smith vs. the ship Jane Willis.—Suit brought to recover seamen's wages. Judge Hoffman decided that British Consuls have jurisdiction in cases arising between British ships and their crews. These privileges were qualified by the fact that the jurisdiction of American Consuls in British ports is restricted. If, however, there seemed to be any extraordinary circumstances in the case, the United States Courts would take jurisdiction, otherwise they would not disturb the jurisdiction of the British Consul. He did not, however, think this case of sufficient importance to call for such interference on the part of the U. S. Courts. Decision rendered yesterday. Court not in session to-day.

Superior Court—Feb. 23—Judge Shattuck.

Dehon vs. Duguay et al.—In this case both parties agreed as to the facts; the only question being upon the construction of the Homestead Act. Judge Shattuck, yesterday handed in a written opinion. His Honor argues the question very handsomely. The question is whether the horse and cart in the daily use of a gardener in bringing his vegetables, &c., to market, is exempt from execution? It is not a very clear case, for a gardener is not mentioned in the reserved list, yet it seems reasonable that the Legislature intended all classes of industry, and to encourage them by reserving things indispensable for prosecuting their peculiar branch. Men of family—their furniture; farmers—their implements of husbandry; mechanics, doctors, lawyers, surveyors, carmen, &c., their tools of trade; and I think the inference fair and the principle just, that the Legislature intended by the act to protect all industrial pursuits, and that they may be arrayed under one of the classes they have made, without any forced construction. What is a farmer? In one sense of the word he is a tiller of the earth. So is a gardener—a small farmer, or rather the tiller of a small farm. Indeed, "farmer" is not mentioned, but "farming utensils, as implements of husbandry," are the words used. Gardening tools would certainly be implements of husbandry. After stating the law as to farmers, his Honor continues: Why is the farmer spared his two horses? Why, to plow his ground, haul out his manure, and garner his crop, and convey is to market. So the gardener, in this case, has his horse and cart in daily employ, bringing vegetables to market, and returning with manure purchased for his garden. They, the horse and cart, are part of his implements of husbandry, as necessary in the successful accomplishment of his end vs the spade, the hoe, &c. Let him retain them all, to encourage his industry; that he may the sooner wash himself out of debt. From the above reasoning, I must decide that the property mentioned is exempt from execution.

Twelfth District Court—Judge Norton.

M. Alsua vs. S. R. Throckmorton, Godchaux Bros., S. Mayer & Bros., and M. Heller & Bros.—Action in ejectment.—Plaintiff claims to be the owner in fee of a lot of land on south side of California street, near southwest corner of California and Battery streets, now occupied by defendants Godchaux, Mayer and Heller, as tenents of Throckmorton. Plaintiff alleges that in Jan., 1852, he leased said lot to P. E. Roach for five years, at a monthly rent of $300, payable monthly in advance, with a condition that if default should be made for ten days in any of such payments, the lease should be forfeited, together with all buildings and improvements erected on said lot; that such default had been made in the payment of the February rent, wherefore he claims judgment accordingly, together with $500 damages.

Jenny Knox applies for a mandamus to compel Mr. Treasurer Woods to pay her May and June salary as school teacher, amounting to $200. The old Board of Education allowed her claim, but, for some reason, warrants were not issued until a few weeks since. When presented, the Treasurer rejected them, because they were not properly audited.

Alonzo de Haro, by Chas. Brown, his guardian, commences suit against Wm. Carey Jones et al., to foreclose a mortgage for some $13,800, on the Potrero Nuevo, situated to the southward and westward of this city.

STATE PRINTING.—The Controller of State, in his late report, says:

The item of Printing for the Fiscal Year, ending the 30th of June, 1855, and the succeeding seven months, ending on 31st day of January, 1856, embracing in all, a period of nineteen months, including official advertisements, and paper for printing; cost the sum of $240,469 75. A good job printing establishment could be procured, at a cost not exceeding twenty thousand dollars. Would it not be good policy for the State to procure one? Then make the State Printer, (who should be a practical printer,) Superintendent thereof, interdict by penal enactments, the printing or publishing of any matter not authorized by proper authority, and after the salary of the superintendent, all work to be paid for by the piece, at the usual rates. It is believed, by those competent to judge, that, by the adoption of the plan herein proposed the public printing could be better, and more expeditiously executed than at present, at an annual cost not exceeding fifty thousand dollars

A FRENCH STEAMER BURNT BY ETHER.—The French steam packet La France, during the month of October, was burnt up in Bahia harbor. Frenchmen are acute in chemistry, but sometimes overdo a work, as will be seen below. Ether, in lieu of steam, as an auxiliary to coal—an invention of M. Twombly—has been in use in the French navy for some time past—and in successful use, it is said. The reason for employing ether in aid of steam, is because its boiling point is very low, viz. 98°; but it appers to have been forgotten, in sending a vessel with ether to Brazil, that she would have to pass through a temperature much higher, even in the shade, than the boiling point of this inflammable liquid and therefore it could not exist in the ordinary stowage tanks. The result of this want of foresight was, that ether, floating about in a state of vapor, caught fire, burned a fine ship, and destroyed much property. It was most providential that the accident occurred in a harbor.—At sea it would have been truly an awful occurrence.

Holloway's Pills.—A certain remedy for Liver and Stomach complaints. The daughter of Mrs. Farlow, of Henry Street, New York, was for three years in a deplorable state of ill health, suffering from her stomach and liver. Seven weeks ago she commenced the use of Dr. Holloway's Pills and is perfectly cured. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62½c., and $1 per box.

PRICES REDUCED 25 PER CENT.

Charges at about Eastern Rates.

Pacific Book and Job Printing Office,

145 CLAY STREET.

☞ All Orders for Job Work, from the Country or City, promptly attended to, and warranted to give satisfaction.

☞ The WEEKLY PACIFIC and DAILY UNION is published at this office.

MARRIED.

In this city, by Rev. E. S. Lacy, on the 18th inst., Mr Warren F. Hall, to Miss Margaret Cook, both of San Francisco.

On the 19th inst., by the Rev. N. F. Heath, B. Benedict, of Alameda, to Mrs. F. A. Hamlin, of San Francisco.

On the 19th inst., at Santa Rosa, Sonoma county, by the Rev. H. Richardson, Dr. Wm. Bamford, of Russian River, to Miss Cornelia E. Reed, of Santa Rosa.

At Hittman's Hotel, on the 15th inst., by Rev B. Wrierly, Jesse H. Durgan, of Humboldt, and Miss Louisa Loveland, late of Lee county, Iowa.

At the residence of the bride's mother, on the 16th inst., by Rev. E. Brierly Capt. William H. Dennis and Miss Fanne Negri, all of this city.

In this city, on Tuesday evening, February 17th, by Rev. S. H. Willey, Mr. Nathan Castle, to Miss Kate Case, all of this city.

At Briggsville, Shasta county, Feb. 4th, by Rev. Martin Kellogg, of Shasta, Mr. Geo. C. Chism, of Horsetown, to Lizzie Ann, daughter of Stephen Lean, Esq., of Briggsville.

DIED.

This morning at eight o'clock, from putrid sore throat, Margie, daughter of Jonathan Hunt, Esq. The funeral will take place to-morrow, at 12 o'clock, from the residence of Mr. Hunt.

MARINE.

PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO—FEB. 25.

Arrived.

Bark What Cheer, Baxter, 75 days from Sydney, with coal to Stevens, Baker & Co.

Brig Sarah Ann, Hall, 7 passengers.

Brig 18—Brig Susan Abigail, Corno, 8 days from Astoria, with produce to the master.

Schr Ann Delgarno, Houston, 12 hours from Bodega, potatoes to Brannan & Co.

Feb 23—Fr. corvette Embuscade, Joozime, 19 days fm Honolulu; 20 guns, 240 men, all well.

Bark Carib, Newell, 15 das fm Port Madison; lumber to A Meiggs.

Bark Swanowna, Dryden, 14 ds from Columbia River; lumber to Simpson and Jackson.

Brig Willamette, Boring, 14 days from Puget Sound; lumber to W. T. Sayward.

Schr Pontiac, Lemmon, 2 days from Pajaro; in ballast to master.

Feb 24—Brig Izora, Wood, 24 hours from Mendocino; 125,000 ft lumber, to E C Williams.

Feb 25—Schr Union, Smith, 10 hours from Point Reyes; to master.

Schr Odd Fellow, Quinn, 3 days from Pajaro; produce to Brannan & Co.

Sloop Alexander Fraser, Pitts, 8 hours from Bolinas; wood to master.

Feb 26—Schr Cornelia Terry, Rutherford, 10 hours from Salt Point, 1; 34,000 ft lumber to Keeler & Treheron.

Sailed.

Ship Zenobia, Kentzel, Archangel.
Bark Lucky Star, Sweeney, Melbourne.
Bark Fanny Major, Lawton, Honolulu.
Ship Snow Squall, Loyd, Manila.
Fr ship Jean Gorgon, Colson, Manila.
Brig Twin Boy, Hamboldt Bay.
Brig Ellen, Morton, San Pedro.
Schr Eliza, McEwing, Tomales.
Feb 20—John L. Stephens, Pearson, Panama.
Feb 21—Steamer Sierra Nevada, Huntington, Panama.
Steamer Columbia, Dall, Oregon.
Feb 23—Brig Expounder, Foster, Callao.
Bark Anadir, Pagett, Honolulu.
Brig Anna, (Dutch) Harmets, Shanghae.
Feb 24—Brig Izora, Wood, Mendocino.
Schr Ann Delgarno, Adams, Bodega.
Feb 25—Clipper ship Flying Fish, Nickels, Manila.
Clipper ship Mary Whittridge, Cheesebrough, Hongkong
Bark Americus, Sparrow, Puget Sound.

☞ "A Moment of Time is a Monument of Mercy."—Thus says the Proverbs, and thus say we to those who are afflicted with Coughs, colds, Asthma, Pain or Weakness of the Breast or side, and first stages of consumption. Take a bottle of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY in time, and it will give you immediate relief, and perform a permanent cure.

☞ Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.—As there are quite a number of counterfeit articles bearing the name of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, purporting to be the genuine and original; we therefore deem it necessary, for the protection of ourselves, and for the public good, to caution all persons who purchase the Balsam of Wild Cherry, to look well at the signature before buying. The genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY has a fac simile of the signature of Henry Wistar, M. D., Philadelphia and Sanford & Park, on a finely executed steel engraved, wrapper. Therefore be cautious, as none can be genuine without the signature of Sanford & Park.

For sale by Druggists throughout the State.

DON'T BE DECEIVED BY UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS, but buy of an honest dealer. Look well at the signature before purchasing—take none unless it has the name of Sanford & Park engraved on the outside wrapper, as all others are base counterfeits.

PARK & WHITE, Proprietors.

To whom all orders should be addressed. Also, Importers, Wholesale and Retail Agents of all valuable Patent Medicines, warranted genuine.

Washington street, opposite the Post Office, San Francisco.

☞ A Perfumed Breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when, by using the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of "Balm" on your tooth-brush and wash the teeth night and morning.

A beautiful complexion may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and rosate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops, and wash the face night and morning.

SHAVING MADE EASY.—Wet your shaving-brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving.

For sale by all Druggists.

PARK & WHITE,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
Washington street, opposite the Post Office.

☞ Notice.—The GENUINE DR. GUYSOTT'S IMPROVED EXTRACT OF YELLOW DOCK AND SARSAPARILLA, is put up in quart bottles—by no other.

PARK & WHITE, sole agents,
Washington street, opposite the Post Office.

☞ Hostetter's Bitters.—In the present state of the weather some gentle invigorator is often essential to preserve the balance of the system, and especially the digestive organs. If all those in whom these important organs are disarranged, were to try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would consult their own interests by doing so. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters correct the appetite, impart tone to the system, force off the bile and all impure secretions, regulates the bowels, gives us strength of body and vigor of mind, and are the wonder of the age for dissipating dyspeptic tendencies. In all cases of physical prostration, palpitation, dizziness, great fatigue, etc., it is surprising how soon the patient finds relief. No family can afford to be without it. It requires no addition of spirits. Sold, in full quart bottles, by all hotels, grocers, druggists, etc. Extremely palatable.

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Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast,
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A. DEBROSSE, Agent,
55 J street, Sacramento; and D street, Marysville.
Sold by all the Druggists in California and Oregon.

PARK & WHITE, Sole Agents.

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The largest Grizzly, Bear ever captured alive,

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An enormous Grizzly whose attachment to his keeper has twice saved his life.

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The Red Bear of California.
Three Black Cubs.
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A beautiful pair of

ELK,
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Two ANT-EATERS, from S. America.
PRARIE WOLF,
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Three varieties of EAGLE, &c., &c.

Also, A SEA LEOPARD

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GOLD MAGIC CASE AND ENGLISH Patent Lever; Double Time Independent Second Gold Hunters; Pocket Chronometers;
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I hereby denounce all pictures taken on glass in this city or State, and called Ambrotypes as "bogus," and a fraud upon the public, being a miserable imitation of the genuine article.

I would say to all who have been deceived and swindled with bogus pictures, not to condemn this new and beautiful invention until they have seen the GENUINE AMBROTYPES. They are to be the most durable picture known, as neither acids water, or dampness of any kind can affect them. Those having Daguerreotypes which they wish to preserve forever, would do well to have them copied in Ambrotypes.

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OIL,

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Camphene and Burning Fluid, in cases. Alcohol, 80 to 95 per ct., in bbls and cases. Camphene and Oil Wicking, of all kinds. Candle Wicking, and Platted Wick for Soda Ash and Pot Ash, [Star Candles Bar Soap and Oil Soap.

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CHOICE SEED GRAINS

WHEAT.

Red Chili Wheat;
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Native California Wheat

OATS.

Russian Oats;
Baglish Oats;
Wild California Oats.

BARLEY.

Scotch Chevalier Barley;
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POTATOES.

Oregon Potatoes;
Humboldt Potatoes;
Bodega Potatoes.

BEANS.

Small White Pea Beans;
Chile Bayo Beans.

PEAS.

Early Field Peas;
Early Prince Albert Peas;
Large and small Marrowfat Peas;
Rye, an excellent quality.

Also—A large assortment of FEED GRAIN, CORN MEAL, CORN, etc.

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HAVE RECEIVED by the last steamer a full supply of the above Pills. Price, $2 per box. All orders from the country promptly attended to. None others genuine. Kearny street corner Bush, San Francisco.

Liberal Discount made to the trade.

BLAIR'S RHEUMATIC PILLS

Have been used in this country with the most signal success the past five years. We have the most flattering testimonials from some who have used them in this city. A sure cure for Gout and Rheumatism in all its forms.

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A. P. BRAYTON & CO.,
fb9 tf Corner Kearny and Bush streets

NATHAN POINTER,

DEALER IN

Fine Clothing and Furnishing Goods,

No. 204 Kearny street, San Francisco.

Clothes Cleaned and Repaired at the shortest notice. Also, Mrs. P. will give her attention to Ladies' Furning Goods. fe16

STEAM CRACKER BAKERY,

NO. 37 AND 39 DAVIS STREET,

HAVE FOR SALE

200 BBLS. PILOT BREAD, superior quality;
200 BBLS. FINE NAVY BREAD
200 BBLS. SODA CRACKERS,

made by a Liquid Process.

BUTTER, SUGAR, BOSTON and WATER CRACKERS, GINGER SNAPS, JENNY LIND CAKES, &c.

ja6-3 m WM. SORZ & CO

Oregon Produce.

OREGON BUTTER, IN KEGS AND FIRKINS, always on hand; also—

Hams and Eggs.

For sale low, by

REYNOLDS & LAW,
fe26—tf N. W. corner Kearny and Jackson sts.

FRUIT TREES!

C. W. LECOUNT,

No. 99 Davis Street, San Francisco,

Agent for Smith & Winchell's

COMMERCIAL NURSERY,

San Jose.

To the above Nursery was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair of 1856.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING ARRANGED with Messrs. Smith & Winchell for a constant supply of all the choice varieties of the various kinds of FRUIT TREES and PLANTS, is now prepared to furnish purchasers with the best assortment ever offered in this market.

100,000 Budded & Grafted

Apple, Pear, Peach, Apricot, Plum, Cherry, Nectarine and Almond Trees, from one to three years old, and from four to eleven feet high; all of best varieties, and well adapted to this climate, many of which have produced Fruit this season.

—ALSO—

Fig, Grape Vines (Foreign and Native), Currants Gooseberries, Raspberry Bushes, Strawberry, Rose Bushes, Shade Trees, etc.

Orders promptly filled directly from the Nursery.

Trees securely packed for any part of the State.

TERMS CASH.

C. W. LECOUNT,
No. 99 Davis street,
Between Washington and Jackson.

jn9-d&wly

REMOVAL.

HAWXHURST & SON

HAVE REMOVED THEIR

WOODENWARE ESTABLISHMENT

From Nos. 112 and 114 Front street,

—TO—

No. 39 Sacramento Street,

BETWEEN FRONT AND DAVIS,

(Late Headquarters of the Vigilance Committee.)

Where they offer for sale a general assortment WOODENWARE, BASKETS, BROOMS BRUSHES, SMALL CORDAGE, &c. &c.

fe9—tf

MERCER & BERNHEIM,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Candy Manufacturers,

No. 136 Kearny Street,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY CALL THE ATTENTION of the public and the trade to the magnificent stock of

CONFECTIONARY,

—Comprising—

BON-BON BOXES,

Of every Shape and Decoration, filled with a choice assortment of the MOST DELICATELY FLAVORED CONFECTURES, superior to the best French and Italian, in freshness and luciousness of taste and appearance. Besides which, they have their usual assortment of CANDY in

Sticks, Drops, Lumps,
Plums, Cakes, Toys,
Gum Drops, Lozenges, Liquor Drops,
Chocolate Drops, Sugar Almonds,
Cinnamon Comfits.

IMITATION FRUIT,

In flavor and appearance rivaling Nature.

CORNUCOPIAS of all sizes and novelty to designs.

Messrs. M & B. would request an inspection of their Stock previous to purchasing elsewhere, as they feel satisfied they can suit the wants of the most fastidious.

MERCER & BERNHEIM.

Remember—136 Kearny street, San Francisco. ja3m

Furnished House Wanted,

FOR A SMALL FAMILY OF THREE PERsons. It must be pleasantly located, and at a moderate rent. Any family wishing to decline housekeeping for 6 or 12 months and not sell their furniture, will find this an excellent opportunity, as great care will be taken of the premises. Inquire at this office, 145 Clay street. fe9tf

C. C. KNOWLES—DENTIST and Manufacturer of MINERAL TEETH at Block Work.

Office—Corner of Sacramento and Montgomery streets, (entrance same as to Vance's Daguerrean Rooms,) San Francisco.

Business hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. fe9-6f

Rope Walk.

MANILLA ROPE OF ANY SIZE, MANUFACtured to order, and have constantly on hand a large assortment of

MANILLA ROPE, all sizes,

ALSO

BALE ROPE and WHALE LINE.

TUBBS & CO., 139 Front street.

RED ASH COAL.

CANNEL, WEST HARTLEY AND OTHER COALS for sale at the lowest rates, to Families, Restaurants, Factories, Mills, Foundries, &c.

Corner of Battery and Pine Streets.

Terms Cash. Cartage Free.

ja30—d&wly JAMES PINDLL.

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fe9—tf

MERCER & BERNHEIM,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Candy Manufacturers,

THE PACIFIC

THURSDAY MORNING, Feb. 26, 1857.

LATER FROM AUSTRALIA.

By the arrival of the *What Cheer*, Captain Baxter, seventy-five days from Sydney, we have Australian dates to Dec. 2.

An extensive gold field has been discovered near Manning river, which promises to prove very rich. It is in the vicinity of the Mummel Water, and the hills on both sides of that stream are said to be formed, for many miles, by extensive gold-field strata rocks—something like the Forest Creek Diggings, in Victoria. A new steamer is soon to be put on the Manning river, which will run to Sydney and back in twelve hours.

Another gold field had been discovered about fifty-eight miles from Albury. One hundred miners were employed, and were said to be doing well. The gold is said to be plentiful, though not of the finest quality. The discovery had been kept somewhat in the dark to prevent a great rush of people to these diggings.

The Chinese were deserting the Bendigo diggings *en masse*, for the Summer diggings in the Ahoo district, which were well supplied with water. Of ten thousand, the number formerly at Bendigo, more than two thirds had thus left, and trade at Bendigo had suffered greatly in consequence.

A great fire had occurred at Adelaide and destroyed property to the large amount of one hundred thousand pounds. The insurance was trifling.

The natives at Newcastle Bay, Forrest Strait, had massacred a portion of the crew of the schooners *Robert* and *Battery*. Seven of the crew were captured, and treated with extreme cruelty. One of them who afterwards escaped represents that there was an abundance of gold and pearls at the Bay.

A rich quartz lead had been discovered at Mount Kering, and several others in various localities.

A destructive flood had done great damage to the miners on Forest Creek.

A Bill is before the Assembly to raise the salary of the Chief Justice to £2,600 and that of the Puisne Judges to £2,000 each.

The deficit in the revenue of the Colonies for the past three years has been something over one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The whole debt is about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

To meet this a proposition has been brought before the Assembly to tax miners indiscriminately ten pounds each per annum, and two-shillings six-pence on every ounce of gold they dig.

A writer in the Sydney *Empire* draws a gloomy picture of affairs in the mines at this time. He says:

"I am certain I shall be within bounds when I state it to be my honest conviction that not one in a hundred is making a *good stroke*, and that the average earnings of the most would not make up a common shepherd's wages."

Port Phillip gold is quoted at £3 .19s. to £4 per ounce.

The government had sustained an important defeat in the Assembly and but little confidence was felt in the stability of the present minority.

Eight hours have been fixed as the length of the woking day in Melbourne, and would soon be in Sydney.

The quantity of gold imported into Sydney from Victoria for the year ending June 30th, was about 217,000 ounces.

A Presbyterian College was soon to be established in connection with the University of Sydney.

A hail storm at Taralga, on the Upper Patterson, had done a great deal of damage, and the grain and fruit crops were entirely destroyed. Some of the hail stones were as large as pigeons eggs.

Eastern Items.

Senator Sumner.—The New York *Herald* expresses what we fear will prove too true in regard to Senator Sumner.

"We apprehend that his friends are hoping against hope; that his case is one which no earthly remedy can reach—that he will never resume his seat in the Senate, or in any other deliberative body—that he will be an invalid while he lives, and a perfect wreck in mind as well as in body, before he dies. The sufferings which he has endured, is enduring, and worse than all, the ordeal through which he will yet most likely be called upon to pass, present themselves to our mind as more fearful than the fate of him who is burnt at the stake, or the victim torn to pieces by an infuriate mob. And this ferocious act, by murderous barbarity, took place in the United States senate chamber, and members of that body stood by during the exhibition, as if governed by pretty much the same feelings as 'fancy men' overlooking a bear-bait or a prize-fight."

"Old Ironsides."—Commodore Stewart, who has been in command of the navy yard at Philadelphia, finding that his time was about to expire, lately notified the Secretary of the Navy that, in accordance with usage he asked the appointment of his successor. Mr. Dobbin at once replied, with generous acknowledgment of the great services of the gallant veteran, that no ordinary rule should be applied to him, and it was not only the pleasure but the wish of the department that he should retain the position so long as it was practicable, and that he would not be disturbed until his duty became an encumbrance. He now retains his place as senior captain in the navy on duty, and with the highest pay allowable by law—$4,500 a year.

A young woman, named Temple, at Vernon, Connecticut, at a religious meeting, and while laboring under much excitement and giving utterance to her feelings in loud shouts, fell to the floor dead.

The United States Government purchased the old Brick Church property, in the city of New York, for $450,000.

Lieut. Gen. Scott renews the suggestion of a retired list for superannuated army officers.

The Boston Mercantile Library Association has been discussing Spiritualism at length, and concluded by voting, 61 to 8, that it exerts more evil than good influence.

The population of Cuba is estimated at 1,446,602 souls.

Max Maretzek has offered to take the Academy of Music, New York, for a year, at twenty thousand dollars.

Emile de Girardin has sold his interest in the Paris "*Presse*" for one hundred and ninety thousand dollars cash.

An English physician, Dr. B. W. Richardson, is reported by the *Athenæum*, to have demonstrated that the fluidity of the blood is caused by the presence of the volatile alkali, ammonia; which accounts for its coagulation on exposure. For this discovery, the Astley Cooper prize of $1500 has been awarded.

Mrs. Julia Sayles, wife of John Sayles, of Blackstone, R. I., died on the 14th ult., of dropsy, from which she had suffered for five years. During that time she has been "tapped" upwards of one hundred and forty times, and more than three thousand pounds of water were extracted.

Jeremiah Murphy, being a true Democrat, has been employed in the Boston Custom House at two dollars a day for the last two years, and during all that time, his thrifty wife Hannah has been drawing her support from the Overseers of the Poor, as a "poor widdy wid three small childers." They have just found her out.

M'lle Rachel has addressed a petition to the Emperor of the French, praying that her pay as member of the French Comedy, ($8,400 for nine months, which, with the *jeux* when she plays, amounts to more than $10,000,) may continue undiminished during her absence, as she has only $35,000 income a year, and her expenses just now are very heavy.

The Committee of Patents in the House are about reporting a bill to establish a reciprocity of the privileges of patentees between this country and the British provinces. It is thought there will be no opposition in either branch of Congress, and it is understood that the British Government will readily agree to the proposed arrangement.

Israel Huntington, the father of the great forger at New York, testified, as follows:

"My son Charles was prone to take things that did not belong to him, had altered the family record, and would tell untruths—giving two different stories about the same fact, without any motive for it." Witness had designed making him a lawyer—owing, we presume, to these excellent traits of character.

LATER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

By the arrival last evening of the French corvette Embuscade, in 18 days from Honolulu, we are in receipt of dates from that port to the 31st of January.

The Frances Palmer from this port arrived at Honolulu on the 30th of January, with the mails and twenty-two passengers.

The French Corvette Eurydice, from Tahiti, arrived on the same day, and exchanged salutes with the Fort the following morning.

Her B. M.'s ship Havannah, Capt. Harvey, was in port and would sail for Valparaiso about the first of Feb., touching perhaps at Tahiti on her route.

The Custom House statistics for 1856 show the total value of goods imported into the Islands during the year, to have been $1,152,412, while the exports of domestic products from Honolulu for the same period have been $155,448. These articles consist chiefly of sugar, molasses, coffee, arrow-root, fruits, vegetables, pulu, &c. To these exports are to be added those of oil, bone, &c., the product of Hawaiian whalers, and supplies furnished vessels, making the total of exports $466,278.

We find the following items in the *Commercial Advertiser* of the 29th ult:

We are glad to see our citizens entering with so much spirit into the whaling business. Three whalers, the barks *United States* and *Cynthia*, and brig *Victoria*, sailed week before last, and the bark *Black Warrior*, Capt. Robert Brown, and brig *Hawaii*, Capt. Rhae, sailed last week, making five whalers, owned and fitted out here, that have left this port during January, to cruise. The *Black Warrior*, formerly owned by Capt. James Makee, was recently purchased by Capt. Brown and five of our merchants. She sailed for $9,000, including cost of vessel, outfit and advances to crew.—Capt. B. is no novice in the blubber line, and as he has on board some of the best officers and gang ever shipped on our beach, if he returns with less than the average of next season's catch, it will be because whales are nowhere about his track. There are four whalers still in port owned here, fitting out, which will sail soon; the barks *Harmony* and *Rolf*, and brigs *Prince de Joinville* and *Oahu*. This branch of business is on the increase, and we have no doubt will be found to return a larger interest on the investment than money loaned at the legal rate. Nowhere in the Pacific can whalers be fitted out at a less expense, or realize on their cargoes in a shorter time than at this port.

The hull of the old French ship *Georges* is being broken to pieces by Capt. King, for firewood, which, he will probably thank us for saying, can be had at the wharf at $8 per cord. There still remain five hulks in our harbor which will eventually serve for firewood.

About two years ago, the Messrs. Poor imported a variety of fruit trees from Oregon, which were purchased by residents and scattered over the different islands. Mr. H. McIntyre has a number of the apple-trees growing finely at his residence in Nuuanu Valley, all of which have borne a few apples this season.

The old flag-staff which was taken down from the ramparts of the Fort, on Thursday, was erected by Lord George Paulet, in 1843. The British flag was displayed from it till July 31, of year—about five months. The staff was necessarily removed, the wall of the fort having been ordered to be demolished.

The most severe southerly storm that has visited our island for several years commenced on Saturday morning last, and continues to the hour of our going to press. During several nights, and also on Wednesday, the lightning appeared almost incessant. The strength of the storm seems to have passed north, about 200 or 300 miles to the eastward of Honolulu. A correspondent, on East Maui, writes us that showers have been frequent, and the weather very favorable for the grain crops now growing. All the land prepared for wheat is not yet sown, and it is probable that over 2000 acres will be put in this season. From other parts of the Islands, we learn that rain has been abundant, and most kinds of crops are doing well.

INTERIOR NEWS.

French Gulch.—The Shasta *Courier* says that the claims on French Gulch are paying as well as they did three years ago.

New Diggings.—The same paper learns that rich hill-diggings have been found on the North and Middle Forks of the Cottonwood.

At Horsetown Hill, Reardon & Co. took $1,500 from their claim last week. In these same diggings, McGee & Co. are making $50 to $75 a day to the hand.

Indian Fight.—The Numseus and Cottonwood Diggers met on Sunday last, near the head of Crow Creek for a fight, but it did not come off. There were three hundred of the former, and two hundred and fifty of the latter.

The Clear Creek Ditch Company, have succeeded in bringing their water to Squaw Flat, and are now supplying three companies who are making large wages. These diggings are supposed to be richer than those of Horsetown Hill.

More Food for Cannon.—The Columbia *Clipper* says, that William E. Carder, of Columbia, Mace Douglass, of Sonora, and G. E. Douglass, of Jamestown, are each raising companies for Nicaragua, with fair prospects of success.

Sulphur Springs.—At Quartz Hill, Harrison & Co. are doing finely; some of their claims paid as high as 5 oz. per day to the sluice last week.

The Sierra *Citizen* says:

Among other big strikes, we learn from a correspondent at Chip's Flat, that the Yankee Mining Company at that place, took out on the 7th instant, a nugget weighing 60 ounces, and several other chips weighing from 2 to 3 ounces. This company has flattering prospects ahead.

Murder at Sonora.—A correspondent of the *Herald*, writing from Sonora on the 15th inst., says:

Last night, about 8 o'clock, a horrible murder was committed about five miles from this city, at Lyon's Ranch. Three brothers, named Blakely, and two others (names unknown) were sitting at supper in their cabin. Seven or eight men crept up to the door and fired upon them. One of the brothers fell dead; another had his arm shot in pieces; and all of the party were wounded, but managed to make their escape through a back door. The murderers then set fire to the house and burned it to the ground, and with it the body of the murdered man. No cause has yet been assigned for the horrid deed. A lawyer of this city has been arrested on suspicion of being one of the party that committed the dead.

For the past week, says the Nevada *Democrat*, it has been raining almost incessantly at this place, and snowing in the mountains above. Mining operations have generally been suspended, but will be immediately renewed under the most favorable auspices. The roads are so bad in many places as to render traveling extremely difficult.

The San Jose *Tribune* states that the shares of the company recently organized in that town, for the manufacture of beet sugar, have nearly all been taken.

The editor of the Nevada *Democrat* has been shown a specimen of gravel, taken from the claims of the Gouge-eye Company, belonging to McCuady and others, on Hunt's Hill, from which it would seem that their claims are among the richest of any in that county. The lead is about one hundred and fifty feet in width, and is known to be over a mile in length. Last week this company made a hundred dollars a day to the hand. The gravel is of a bluish color, and is so firmly cemented that it has to be pounded up before washing.

An election for officers of the Marysville Library Association recently took place in that city. The Association, says the *Express*, is in the most flourishing condition. There are now about two thousand volumes in the library which are paid for, and there is money in the treasury.

It is said the New York Central Railroad Company manufactures its own railroad iron at less than one-half its market value. The average cost to railroad companies is now $60 to $65 per ton, while the cost to the manufacturer is about $30 per ton. The cost of the Central Railroad Company's iron works, all complete, including 1,560 acres of land, containing their ore, was $145,600. This sum the company saved in one year by making for itself the iron necessary to supply the annual wear and tear of the road.

A Capital Insurance of British Toadyism to Royalty.—The Prince of Wales, a lad of fifteen, and neither very aristocratic nor intellectual in appearance, has been making a series of excursions under the charge of his governor. Several towns had been "honored" by a visit from the incognito prince and his incognito tutor, and, of course, all their movements were duly chronicled in the papers. Now it so happened that a country clergyman, named Simpson, thought he would give his two boys a holiday, and treated them with a trip to Manchester. They were observed descending from the cars, and a penny-a-liner was instantly on their track. The Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, and their tutor, Mr. Gibbs! The news spread that the cotton metropolis was "honored," an extra from the office of the *Examiner* informed the delighted men of Manchester that the future King of England, accompanied by the royal highness his brother, attended by the inevitable Gibbs, had just visited the Oxford Road cotton twist factory where the manager, being so blind as not to recognize royalty under the name of Simpson, had actually turned over the royal party to the guidance of a common spinner! From the twist works Simpson & Co. walked—absolutely walked on *foot*—to the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, where they paid three shillings for admission, like ordinary mortals, and proceeded to honor the show by an inspection. Here again their royal origin broke forth resplendent from the plebeian guise, and the managers of the Institute waited upon them with all obsequiousness. "On arriving in front of the collection of pictures, condescendingly lent by Her Majesty," says the paper, "much interesting conversation passed between the Princes, as to the respective hails in the palace where the paintings hung!" At this juncture, Gibbs, alias Simpson, senior, pulled out his watch—of the silver turnip variety—and remarked that they would be late for the train, left the building with his pupils, and "put," at a sharp trot, for the depot. The crowd uncovered as the cars moved, and the last words uttered by the younger Prince were, "What do the people mean, papa?" To which the reputed Gibbs responded, "Heaven knows—for I don't!"

Corn in the Ear.—A very intelligent Irishman tells the following incident of his first experience in America.

"I came to this country years ago, and as soon as I arrived hired myself to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stable, cows, and where the corn, hay, oats, etc., were kept, and then sent me in to get my supper. After supper he said to me, 'James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn in the ear. I went out and walked about thinking, What could he mean? I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library where master was writing very busily, and he answered without looking up, 'I thought I told you to give the cow some corn in the ear.' I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country. Dripping with perspiration, I entered my master's presence once more. 'Please, sir, you bid me give the cow some corn in the ear, but didn't you mean in the mouth?' He looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, that I made for the stables as fast as my feet could carry me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man."

A Novel Argument.—A man being remonstrated with on some rather dishonest proceeding, was asked, "Sir, have you no conscience?"

"Conscience, sir," responded he, "certainly."

"I wonder it does not reproach you, then."

"Look here, stranger, does my conscience belong to me, or do I belong to my conscience."

"Why I presume your conscience belongs to you."

"Then I say I am boss of my men, rule my children, don't stand no sarse from my wife, and my conscience ain't a going to reproach me only when I let it, I can tell you."

We fear this is the case with many a man.

In Luck.—Bayard Taylor, the traveler and poet, is a fortunate fellow. When he was travelling in the East he fell in with a German gentleman, between whom and himself sprang up a strong friendship, founded upon congeniality of feeling and sentiment. At length, they parted—each to his native country—but without promise of correspondence; and it was some time before Taylor heard from his German friend. When it came, however, the missive was startling; it being a formal conveyance to him of an estate, to belong to him and his heirs—a free gift, and given irreversibly, as a token of friendship. Taylor describes it in a recent letter from Goth to the N. Y. Tribune. It stands near the Thuringian forest. It is a most beautiful residence, and was built by one of the ministers of Duke Ernest II., in 1760.

Kossuth and Louis Napoleon.—M. Kossuth, in one of his late speeches, compares his lot with that of the man he had just before affected to contemn:

"I will never venture to contrast my own humble lot with the brillant one of that potentate. I eat with my children the bitter bread of homelessness; I am staggering joyless towards an obscure grave. For inheritance my children may get a legacy of sorrow, yet of devotion to their country's cause. Such is my lot; but, whatever may be my faults, my errors, or even my sins, never have I broken oaths, never have I deceived nations, never trifled with the duties of an honest patriot. Bonaparte, on the contrary, sits high in power, dazzling the eyes of short-sighted men with the lustre of his propitious star. Still I do not at all believe in the stability of successful crime."

Death of Black Warrior.—This celebrated war-horse died lately in New York. He was 28 years old, and it is stated that he served throughout the Florida war, subsequently was used in the chase of wild Indians, horse thieves, border ruffians, and at odd spells of foxes, deer and buffalo, at the various military posts on the prairies west of Arkansas. Having marched all over the country, and swam all the principal rivers between St. Augustine, Fla., and Mexico, he was in the whole of the Mexican war, and took an active part in nine general battles, having been wounded by a musket ball at Molinos del Rey, and again by a piece of shell at Chepultepec. He was ridden by Kossuth, and also by President Pierce, on the occasion of their triumphal entries into the city of New York, a few years since, and was never in harness, but was unequalled for discipline and grace under the saddle.

Jeu D'Esprit.—We find, in the *National Intelligencer*, the following, as having been written by Brantz Meyer, Esq., on finishing the perusal of Dr. Kane's interesting account of his Exploring Expedition:—

From the dawn of creation the name of old *Cain*
Has been cursed as the author of *slaying*;
But glory awaits in our age on the *Kane*
Who *slays* not, though famous for *sleighing*.
So fill up the cup to the *Kane* of the *Pole*,
Whose marvellous tale, though no *fable*,
Is the most flourishing condition. There are now
about two thousand volumes in the library
which are paid for, and there is money in the
treasury.

Editors.—The N. H. *Telegraph* is of the opinion that an editor who cannot stop right in the midst of one of the finest trains of thought that he is putting on paper, to minute the dimensions of a huge pumpkin, or write an advertisement of a dog lost, or enter the name of a new subscriber, or take pay for an old one, to receive a cowhiding for something he has not said,—and after all, to resume "the thread of his discourse," and carry out the idea in its original force and beauty, is next to no editor at all!

Get your money all ready before getting into an omnibus, and before going into chancery.

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THE MOIST CARRIER BOOK AND STATIONERY CO. would call the attention of School Committees, Teachers, Parents, Parents and Guardians, and all others who may be interested in our extensive and well selected assortment, to this splendid stock of School Books, embracing—

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Algebra—Davies', Alsop's Bridge.

Chemistry—Comstock's, Gray's, and Draper's.

Philosophy—Comstock's, Gray's, and Draper's.

Grammar—Tower's, Corbett's, Bullion's, Wells', Smith's, Murray's, Hallock's, Weld's, Brown's, Kirkham's, Clark's, Greenleaf's.

Geography—Cornell's Primary, Intermediate and Higher; Mitchell's do do and School; Smith's Primary and Geograph'y and Atlas; Parley's and Wilson's Outline Maps;

History—Goldsmith's Natural, Wilson's Juvenile, Outlines and American Child's, United States; Goodrich's United States, Willard's.

Readers—McGuffy's 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th;
Town's 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th;
Tower's, of various numbers;
Russell's do do;
Sander's do do;
Swan's do do;
Parley's do do;

Philosophy—Phelps', Comstock's, Draper's, Gray's, Laird ner's, Smiths', Parker's and Upham's Mental;

Spellers—Saunders', Webster's Elementary, Swan's and Town's.

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With a determination to suit one and all, we will furnish them at the lowest prices at
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